

"Argus Tuft"

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BTH.



**ARGUS TUFT'S  
COMPENDIUM  
of  
VERSE**

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1 For all loyal adherents to the S.C.I.I.A.E.S.  
 we publish the words of our anthem,  
 "BE PURE AS THE LILY"  
 sung to the tune of "Ivory Tower."

Be pure, be pure as the lily,  
 Reject your old sinful ways,  
 Don't smoke, don't drink, take your hands off that filly,  
 Be chaste for the rest of your days.  
 Be wholesome, be wholesome,  
 And remember the words that we say ---  
 Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lily,  
 But don't ask us to show you the way.

2 THE ENGINEER'S SONG

(Tune: A Froggy Went A-Courting On A Summer's Day)

An engineer told me before he died, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 I don't know whether the bastard lied, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 He said no matter how he tried  
 His wife was never satisfied, - ah hum, ah hum, ah hum.

So he built her a tool of tempered steel, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 Powered by a pulley and a bloody great wheel, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 With two brass balls he filled with cream  
 And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam, - ah hum,  
 ah hum, ah hum.  
 'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 In and out went the tool of steel, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 'Till at last his poor wife cried,  
 "Enough, enough, I'm satisfied," - ah hum, ah hum, ah hum.

But now we come to the bitter bit, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 There was no way of stopping it, - ah hum, ah hum,  
 From cunt to arsehole she was split  
 And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit, - ah hum,  
 ah hum, ah hum.

3(a) "WE'RE THE FUCKIN' ENGINEERS"

Eyes right, foreskins tight,  
 Buttocks to the front,  
 We're the fuckin' engineers,  
 We're always after cunt,  
 We're the heroes of the night,  
 We'd rather fuck than fight,  
 So here's a fiver' for a fuck,  
 And then we'll feel all right.

3(b) CHARLOT THE HARLOT LAY DYING (Botany Bay)

Charlot the harlot lay dying  
 A piss pot supporting her head  
 The blowflies were buzzing around her  
 As she rolled on her left tit and said: ---

Chorus: I've been fucked by the army, the navy,  
 By a bullfighting toreador,  
 By dingoes and drongoes and dagoes,  
 But never by maggots before.  
 So roll back your dirty old foreskins,  
 And give me the cream of your nuts,  
 So they rolled back their dirty old foreskins,  
 And played "Home Sweet Home" on her guts.

Charlot the harlot repented,  
 And never again would she bang,  
 She wanted to go up to heaven,  
 So she lay on her right tit and sang: ---

Charlot the harlot was buried,  
 The town was quieter than before,  
 But one night at the local brothel  
 Her ghost it appeared at the door.

4 SHITHOUSE BLUES

Dan, Dan, the sanitary man,  
 Superintendent of the lavatory pan,  
 He puts out the paper and he changes the towels,  
 Accompanied by the rythm of the rumbling bowels:  
 "Hot shit; I got the shithouse blues,  
 Hot shit; I wanna' do it in my shoes."

5 BRITISH GRENAIDIERS

Some die of diabetes, some die of diarrhoea,  
 Some die of drinking whisky, some die of drinking beer,  
 But of all the world's diseases  
 There's none that can compare  
 With the drip, drip, drip,  
 From the end of your prick  
 Of the British Gonorrhoea!

"Do ye ken John Peel?" Yes I know the buggar well  
 With a head on his hammer like the Inchcape Bell,  
 Nine inches on the slack, twelve inches on the swell,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,  
 Cats with syphilis, gonorrhoea, piles,  
 Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles  
 As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Do ye ken John Peel with his cock in a sling,  
 And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
 He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse  
 And he won't take it out till morning.

Now the elephant, it seems, is a funny old bloke,  
 'Cause though he's got a woman he seldom has a poke,  
 But when he does he lets it soak,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus is strange, or so it seems,  
 Because he seldom has wet dreams,  
 But when it does it comes in streams,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale  
 With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,  
 And he rides his missus in the teeth of the gale,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh the sergeant major leads a solitary life,  
 'Cause he hasn't got a woman and he hasn't got a wife,  
 But he satisfies himself on the regimental fife,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with your penis in your hand,  
 And you've got a funny feeling in your seminary gland,  
 If you haven't got a woman, then pull it in your hand,  
 As you revel in the joys of copulation.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,  
 Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,  
 So he licks at his dick in a frantic way,  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, the cats on the tiles,  
 One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,  
 You can hear the happy howls and shrieks for miles,  
 As they revel in the joys of copulation.

(6 continued-)

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,  
 But she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea;  
 Fools rush where angels fear.....  
 As I revelled in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of sexual joy,  
 But your wife has got the monthlies, and your daughter  
 Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,  
 As you revel in the joys of copulation. says she's coy,

7

NELLIE DARLING

Oh I love the smell of Nellie's perspiration  
 These little cannot have to much,  
 But I make one tiny stipulation,  
 That it's better from your armpits than your crutch.

Oh your arsehole's like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,  
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green,  
 There's a yard of lint protruding from your vulva,  
 You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a thousand crabs a'crawling round your arsehole,  
 And when you piss, your piss is green as grass,  
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,  
 So make one, dear, and shove it up your arse!

8

THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind, sir,  
 And you can bet I'm not, sir,  
 The girl I'd choose to share my bed  
 'Would be a .....\* girl, sir.

'Cos I would ....\*, and she would fuck,  
 And we would ....\*together,  
 O what fun in the middle of the night  
 ..\*ing hard together.

\* Insert push; bully; bang; hit; fuck; etc. at will.

9

CRAVEN 'A'

His arrival at the 'varsity was quite grotesque;  
 He laid his great penis on the tutors desk;  
 Said the tutor, referring to its wilted state,  
 "I'll be forced to use that penis for a paperweight."

Chorus:

Craven A, never heard of fornication,  
 Craven A silly fool,  
 Craven A quite content with masturbation,  
 Thought cunt was something you were called at school.

Now the tutor said "There's one thing to impress,  
 You must not masturbate in academic dress."  
 So Craven to show he didn't give a fuck,  
 Tossed off in the inkwell shouting "One for luck."

Now Suzy was the daughter of the landlady,  
 Brought her cunt up every morning with his tea;  
 And she'd been done so often, the courts declare,  
 That her vagina constitutes a public thoroughfare!

10

DIGGING UP FARTHER'S GRAVE

There digging up Farther's grave to build a sewer,  
 And they're digging it up regardless of expense;  
 Now they're digging up his remains,  
 To make way for shithouse drains,  
 To irrigate some molls new residence.

Chorus: Gaw! Blimey!

Now father all his life was never a quitter,  
 And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,  
 For when that John's complete,  
 He'll just hold that shithouse seat,  
 And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Now what's the use of loving a religion;  
 And to think that when you're dead you're troubles cease,  
 'Cause if some 'artless chap,  
 Wants a pipeline for his crap,  
 He'll never let the old sod rest in peace.

But won't there be some constipation,  
 And won't those shit-bound toffs begin to rage,  
 But they're getting what they deserve,  
 For having the fucking nerve  
 For fucking 'round with honest workman's grave

11

NEVER ROOT

(Tune: Never Smile at a Crocodile. )

Never root with a prostitute,  
 Never stop awhile to give your bolt a shoot,  
 Keep it out, never sin, don't be taken by her grin,  
 For you'll get a dose of pox if you slip it in!

Never root with a prostitute,  
 Even though she says that you have got a beaut',  
 Don't be rude, never mock, use your head, not your cock,  
 But above all never knock with a prostitute!

Never root with a prostitute,  
 Even though you think that she looks quite cute,  
 She's one bag not to shag, even when you've got a stag,  
 For she's a bloody hag is that prostitute!

12

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, show me your greasy land,  
 I'm half crazy, my cock is on the stand,  
 You are of the feminine gender  
 Your crutch is soft and tender;  
 You sit in front, I'll tickle your cunt  
 On a bicycle built for two.

Johnny, Johnny, show me your long red cock,  
 I'm half crazy wanting that sudden shock,  
 You are of the masculine gender,  
 Your cock is long and slender,  
 I'll sit in front, you'll tickle my cunt  
 On a bicycle built for two.

13

THERE CAME A MAID

There came a maid with downcast eyes, (3)  
 They bashed it in between her thighs. (2)

They buried her beneath the grass, (3)  
 Then dug her up and fucked her arse! (2)

14

SING A SONG OF SYPHILIS

Sing a song of syphilis, a penis full of pox,  
 Four-and-twenty virgins itching at the box;  
 When their pants were off them,  
 Those birds were well on heat,  
 Now wasn't that a dainty dish  
 In which to get your meat!

In days of old there lived a maid  
 Who used to do a roaring trade,  
 A prostitute of ill repute,  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus: Hi-ho Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem,  
 Hi-ho Kafoozalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls,  
 And 'round the walls were hung the balls  
 Of every coot that tried to root  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an arab tall,  
 Who with his prick could move a wall;  
 It was the pride of nearly all  
 The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree  
 He saw her there beneath a tree,  
 And vowed that very night that he  
 Would lay her in Jerusalem.

He dragged her to a shady nook,  
 And from his open fly he took  
 A penis like a butcher's hook;  
 The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back,  
 And tried to shove it up her crack,  
 But he had no luck in trying to fuck  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Kafoozalem, she gave a grunt,  
 And with a snap she closed her cunt,  
 And threw him high into the sky  
 Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea,  
 Across the sea of Galilea,  
 And caught his buttocks in a tree  
 Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day  
 Seen by all who pass that way,  
 The stupid ape that tried to rape  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Now listen to my tale of woe  
Which happened many years ago,  
When women rarely answered no  
Down in old Jerusalem.

Chorus. Hi-ho Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem,  
Hi-ho Kafoozalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

There lived our hero by the wall,  
And though he only had one ball,  
He fucked the harlots one and all  
All around Jerusalem.

One day this town was sorely blight  
With a dirty shit of an Israelite,  
Who vowed he'd spend a pleasant night  
In the cunt of Kafoozalem.

He took her to a shady nook,  
And from beneath his cloak he took  
A penis like a reaping hook;  
The scourge of all Jerusalem.

He laid her on the earthen floor,  
And ground, and ground on that old whore,  
Until his penis grew quite sore  
The same as all Jerusalem.

Up came our hero full of light,  
And when he saw that Israelite,  
He shoved him up with all his might  
The cunt of Kafoozalem.

Now Kafoozalem she knew her part,  
She squeezed her cunt and blew a fart,  
And out he shot just like a dart  
Out of Jerusalem.

Now as the moon was shining red,  
He went a-flying overhead  
Raining curses on the bed  
Of greasy old Kafoozalem.

Then buzzing like a bumble bee,  
He left his knackers on a tree,  
And there they are for all to see  
Outside Jerusalem.

17 SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES  
 (Tune: "Botany Bay")

I've shares in the very best companies,  
 In tramways, tobacco, and tin,  
 In brothels in Rio de Janeiro,  
 Oh how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Singing oh the money rolls in,  
 Singing oh how poor bastards must pay,  
 Singing oh the money rolls in,  
 The money rolls in every day.

With wealth in the big German steel works,  
 No wonder I helped Hitler win,  
 For when he suppressed the trade unions,  
 My God how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to France,  
 My brother raised loans for Berlin,  
 My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,  
 To make sure the money rolled in.

My cousin's a starting price bookie,  
 My mother sells synthetic gin,  
 My sister sells sin to the sailors,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,  
 He's saving the girlies from sin,  
 He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

My father manufactures French letters,  
 My mother, she pricks them with pins,  
 My sister performs the abortions,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

18 WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Way down in the valley,  
 Where nobody goes,  
 There lives a young maiden  
 Without any clothes.

Along came a swaggy,  
 All tattered and torn,  
 Down went his britches,  
 And up went his horn.

Three months later all was well,  
 Six months later she began to swell,  
 Nine months later she gave a grunt,  
 And six little swaggies leapt out of her cunt.

19

SALLY MORGAN

Sally Morgan, Sally Morgan,  
 With a box like a barrel organ.....

Chorus: And the hairs on her dicky-di-do  
 Hang down to her knees;  
 One black one, one white one,  
 And one with a bit of shit on,  
 And the hairs on her dicky-di-do  
 Hang down to her knees.

She married an Italian  
 With balls like a fuckin' stallion.....

She lived on a mountain,  
 And pissed like a bloody fountain.....

She lived on a cattle ranch,  
 And shit like a bloody avalanche.....

She married a demon,  
 Who washed her with semen .....

She bangs like a door,  
 Swings back for more .....

She sat on a window sill,  
 And sucked 'till she'd had her fill...

She married a Scotsman  
 Who tickled the twots-in-em.....

She lived on malted milkshakes,  
 And shagged like a bloody rattlesnake..

If she were my daughter,  
 I'd make her cut them shorter.....

20

THE MONKEY AND THE ALLIGATOR

The monkey and the alligator sat upon the grass,  
 The monkey shoved a finger up the alligator's arse,  
 "Monkey," said the alligator, "Be a kindly soul,  
 Kindly take your finger out of my arsehole."

Mama is in bed, Pappy is on top,  
 The child is in the cradle crying, "Put it in Pop."  
 Singing abba-dabba-doo, abba-dabba-doo,  
 Don't let my baby know.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
 And a merry old soul was he,  
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
 And he called for his fiddlers three;  
 Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle,  
 And a very fine fiddle had he,  
 "Or fiddle like fuck, like fuck," said the fiddlers,  
 "What merry men are we,  
 There's none so fare as can compare with the boys of varsity"

Chorus:    Oh how's your mother,  
                  All right,  
                  How's your father,  
                  Half tight,  
                  How's your sister,  
                  She might,  
                  When did you get it,  
                  Last night! .....

                 Oh umpah-umpah  
                  Stick it up your jumper.....

Old King Cole was a merry old soul ... etc.

Balls in the air, in the air, said the jugglers  
 Pull it out, pull it out, said the barmaids  
 'Round and 'round and 'round said the cyclists  
 Root-diddly-oot-diddly-oot said the flutists  
 Thread it in and out, in and out, said the tailors  
 Wop it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen  
 Bang away, bang away, bang away, said the carpenters  
 Do you want it in the front or the back said the coalmen  
 Cut it 'round the knob, make it throb, said the surgeons  
 Cut it in half, in half, said the butchers  
 "Goodness gracious me!" said the parsons  
 Mine is six feet long, said the fishermen  
 Up with a horn in the morn, said the huntsmen.

A LUSTY YOUNG SMITH

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a filing,  
 His hammer laid by his forge still aglo,  
 When a buxom young damsel to him came a smiling,  
 And asked if to work at her forge he would go.

Chorus: With a jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle,  
 A jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle bang, ho.

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,  
 Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.  
 They stripped to go to it; 'twas hot work and hot weather  
 And she kindled a fire that soon made him blow.

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her,  
 For his strength and his tools had worn out long ago.  
 The smith said, "Well mine are in fine working order,  
 And now I am ready my skills for to show."

Red hot grew his iron as both did desire,  
 And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.  
 Quoth she, "What I get I get out of the fire,  
 So prithee, strike home and redouble the blow."

Six times did his iron by vigorous heating  
 Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so,  
 And though oft it was hardened by beating and beating,  
 Still the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.

The smith then would go, quoth the dame full of sorrow,  
 "Oh what I would give could my husband do so.  
 Good lad with your hammer come hither tomorrow,  
 But prey can't you use it once more 'ere you go."

ARSEHOLES

Arseholes are cheap today,  
 Cheaper than yesterday;  
 Little boys are half a crown  
 Standing up or bending down,  
 Bigger boys are three and six,  
 Because they take much larger pricks.

There hath a question been of late  
Among the youthful sort,  
"What pastime is the pleasantest,  
And what the sweetest sport?"  
And it hath been adjusted  
As well by great and small  
That of all great pastimes, there's none like  
Uptails all.

All bachelors will to this game,  
And married men likewise,  
Yea wives, and maids, and widows  
Will use it all their lives,  
And old men that will have a go,  
Although their game's but small  
Yet these old colts will have a bout  
At uptails all.

It cannot be unwholesome,  
Physicians do it use,  
And if that it were noysome  
They would it then refuse.  
But if it hurt the body,  
Then sure their skill is small  
For why the best of these will play  
Uptails all.

All ladies love the pastime,  
And do the pleasure crave.  
And if it were a base thing  
They would it then not have.  
But yet the fairest women  
Will soonest for it call  
There is no one that will not play  
Uptails all.

And if it were a costly thing  
Then beggars could not buy it,  
And if it were a loathesome thing  
Then genteels would defy it.  
But oh it is a sweet thing,  
And pleasure over-all  
There is no one but that will play  
Uptails all.

25

MOLL HOUSE 101

He wore red rubber Frenchies,-a brand new type of sheath  
 From a black leather packet with a poofter underneath,  
 He had a five foot cock that shot off like a gun;  
 That fool was the terror of Moll House 101.

He never washed his face,- he never washed his prick;  
 The cum was caked around his balls at least two inches thick,  
 And on the head of his tool was a green tattoo  
 Depicting a poofter saying, "Penis I love you."

He also had a girl by the name of Mary Lou,  
 But everybody pitied her, 'cause everybody knew  
 He surely gave her half his prick,-she couldn't take the rest  
 But the half of it he gave her reached right up to her chest.

26

THE CHINESE MAIDEN

In the Street of a Thousand Arseholes,  
 By the sign of the swinging tit,  
 There lived a chinese maiden,  
 By the name of Oo-Flung-Shit.

Chorus:      Her greasy twot  
                     Was forever hot.

She sat beneath the joss sticks,  
 With a smile of celestial bliss,  
 Her breath like scented lotus,  
 Her eyes like pools of piss.

She thought of her lover,- a bastard,  
 She thought of her pox ridden beau,  
 She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors  
 Then in walked one hung low.

"Oh come to me you bag of shit;  
 He cried with cock in hand,  
 "My love for you will last for hours,  
 Like ice upon the desert sand."

She raised herself on her starboard tit,  
 And idly scratched her crack,  
 Then, with a smile in her eyes, she looked at him  
 And said, "Go fuck your hat."

27

THE RINGY RANGY ROO

Oh she took me down into the cellar,  
 And she told me I was a very fine fellow,  
 Oh she fed me wine and whisky too,  
 And she placed my hand on the Ringy Rangy Roo.

Chorus: Oh the Ringy Rangy Roo, pray what is that?  
 With fur all round like a pussy cat,  
 With a hole in the middle and split in two;  
 That's what they call the Ringy Rangy Roo.

"Get out of here" her father said,  
 Since you have lost your maidenhead,  
 So she packed her bag and suitcase too  
 And she left that place with the Ringy Rangy Roo.

Oh she went to town and became a whore,  
 And she hung her sign outside her door,  
 And they came in ones, and two by two,  
 Just to sample the joys of the Ringy Rangy Roo.

Well the army came, and the army went,  
 And her fees went down to fifty cents,  
 Then the airforce came, and the navy too,  
 And they left their mark on her Ringy Rangy Roo.

Oh she left that town, the son of a bitch,  
 With a load of jack, and the seven year itch,  
 Oh she had V.D., and syphilis too,  
 And she carried it all in the Ringy Rangy Roo.

Oh the Ringy Rangy Roo is a thing of the past,  
 Now all the young lads wop it up their arse,  
 So if you want some more, it's up to you;  
 That's all there is of the Ringy Rangy Roo.

28 MOBILE (She'll be Coming Round the Mountain)

Oh the Bishop is a buggar in Mobile,  
 Oh the Bishop is a buggar in Mobile,  
 Oh the Bishop is a buggar  
 And his brother is another,  
 'Cause they wop it up each other in Mobile.

Chorus: Singing I will if you will so will I,  
 Singing I will if you will so will I,  
 Singing I will if you will,  
 Singing I will if you will,  
 Singing I will if you will so will I.

continued....

(28 continued)

Oh the girls they wear tin panties in Mobile, etc.  
 But they take them off at dances,  
 'Cause everyone gets chances in Mobile.

There's a shortage of clean whores in Mobile, etc.  
 But there's keyholes in the doors,  
 And there's knot holes in the floors in Mobile.

There's a prostitute called Dinah in Mobile, etc.  
 And you'll find that when you grind her,  
 That she's got the best vagina in Mobile.

Oh the Parson is perverted in Mobile, etc.  
 And his morals are inverted,  
 But there's thousands he's converted in Mobile.

There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile, etc.  
 So they wait until it clogs,  
 Then they saw it off in logs in Mobile.

Oh the eagles, they fly high in Mobile, etc.  
 And they shit right in your eye,  
 It's a pity cows don't fly in Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc.  
 And that's the reason why,  
 They hang them out to dry in Mobile.

There's a poofter boy called Hunt in Mobile, etc.  
 And they think he's got a cunt,  
 But he's only back-to-front in Mobile.

There's a bloke by the name of Keith lives in Mobile, etc.  
 You can tell him by the wreath,  
 Of pubic hairs around his teeth in Mobile.

Oh the virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc.  
 'Cause when they get their pubic hair,  
 They're deflowered by the Mayor of Mobile.

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile, etc.  
 And he likes his bit of fanny,  
 'Cause he gets it off his granny in Mobile.

There's a bastard called Mercator in Mobile, etc.  
 Who's the greatest masturbator, fornicator,  
 Cunt inflator in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambitions in Mobile, etc.  
 'Cause she gets it in the kitchen  
 From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

continued....

(28 continued)

Gentlemen of the drinking classes in Mobile, etc.  
When you've finished with your glasses,  
You can stuff them up your arses in Mobile.

29                   IN DAYS OF OLD

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And paper wasn't invented,  
They wiped their arse with Mallee grass,  
And had to be contented,  
To be contented  
They had to be contented!

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And frangers weren't invented,  
They wrapped their cocks in woollen socks,  
And had to be contented,  
To be contented  
They had to be contented!

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And women weren't invented,  
They drilled a hole in a wooden pole,  
And had to be contented,  
To be contented  
They had to be contented!

30                   COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

Chinese couple going wild,  
Want to have pure white child.  
Seek advice what can be done,  
But find no way of having one.  
They watch T.V., and while they sit,  
They find a way of having it.  
On the job without delay,  
Sidewards in the Chinese way.  
Baby born 'midst great delight,  
Little fellow pure and white.  
Father proud and full of glee,  
Tells what he learn on T.V.  
Hooley-dooley he no fooley,  
He put Persil on his tooley.  
Wifey, wifey, very canny,  
Used Blue Omo on her fanny.  
Wonder where the yellow went,  
Brushed his balls with Pepsodent!

31

THE FOUR ABLE PHYSICIANS

(Improvise to the tune: "Times They Are A-Changing.")

You maidens and wives and young widows rejoice,  
 Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with voice,  
 Since waters were waters I dare boldly say,  
 There ne're was such cause for a thanksgiving day.

For from London town there's lately come down  
 Four able physicians that never wore gown;  
 Their physic is pleasant, their dose it is large,  
 And you may be cured without danger or charge.

They have a new drug which they call the close hug,  
 Which will mend your complexions and make you look smug.  
 A sovereign balsam, which once well applied,  
 Though grieved at the heart the patient ne're died.

In the morning you need not be robbed of your rest,  
 For in your warm beds your physic works best,  
 And although in the taking some stirring's required,  
 The motion's so pleasant you cannot be tired.

On your backs you must lie with your body raised high,  
 And one of these doctors must always be nigh,  
 Who will watch you and tend you and cover you warm,  
 For if you take cold it can only do harm.

On silver or gold they never lay hold,  
 For what comes so freely should never be sold,  
 Then join with the doctors and heartily pray,  
 That their power of healing will never decay.

32

THE SOUND COUNTRY LASS

Give me the buxom country lass,  
 Hot piping from the cow.  
 She'll take a touch upon the grass,  
 And she'll thank you for it too.  
 Her colour fresh as a rose in June,  
 Her temper as a dove,  
 She'll please the swain with a wholesome tune  
 And freely give her love.

These London wenches are so stout,  
 They care not what they do,  
 They will not let you have a bout,  
 Without a crown or two.  
 They double their chaps, and curl their locks,  
 They breathe perfume, they do,  
 Their tails are peppered with the pox,  
 And that you're welcome to!

THE HIVE OF BEES

My mistress is a hive of bees  
 In yonder flow'ry garden,  
 To her they come with laden thighs  
 To ease them of their burden.

As under the beehive lieth the wax,  
 And under the wax is honey,  
 So under her waist her belly is placed,  
 And under that her cunny.

My mistress is a mine of gold,  
 Would that it be her pleasure,  
 To let me dig within her mould,  
 And roll amongst her treasure.

As under the moss the mould doth lie,  
 And under the mould is money,  
 So under her waist her belly is placed,  
 And under that her cunny.

My mistress is a morn' in May,  
 With drops of dew down stilleth,  
 Where e're she goes to sport or play,  
 The dew down sweetly trilleth.

As under the sun the mist doth lie,  
 And under the mist is sunny,  
 So under her waist her belly is placed,  
 And under that her cunny.

My mistress has delightful ways,  
 Of late she takes such pain,  
 That she can pleasing spirits raise,  
 Then lay them down again.

Such power hath my tripping doe,  
 My pretty little bunny,  
 That many would their lives forgo,  
 To play but with her cunny.

GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too large for his jock,  
 So it dragged ninety yards on the floor,  
 It was bigger, by far, than the old man himself,  
 And it weighed not a pennyweight more.  
 He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,  
 And a horn on the day that he died,  
 But his cock flopped, never to rise again,  
 On the day that poor grandma died.

A WANTON TRICK

If anyone long for a musical song,  
 Although that his hearing be thick,  
 The sound that he hears will ravish his ears,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

A pleasant young maid on an instrument played  
 That knew neither note nor prick;  
 But she had a good will to live by her skill,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

A youth in that art, well seen in his part,  
 They called him Darbyshire Dick,  
 Came to her a suitor, and would be her tutor,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

He pleased her so well that backward she fell,  
 And swooned as though she were sick,  
 So sweet was his note that up went her coat,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

The string of his viol she put to the trial  
 'Till she had the full length of his stick,  
 Her white-bellied lute she put to his flute,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

Thus she with her lute and he with his flute  
 Held every crotchet a-prick,  
 She learned at her leisure, yet payed for her pleasure,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

His viol string burst, her tutor she cursed  
 For playing such note with his stick,  
 But having consented, too late she repented,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

Thus learning so well caused her belly to swell,  
 Such was the worth of his stick,  
 From October 'till June she was quite out of tune,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

All maids that make trial on a lute or a viol,  
 Take heed how you handie the stick,  
 If you like not this order, come try my recorder,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.

COLONEL BOGY

Hitler had only one brass ball,  
 Goering had two, but very small,  
 Himler had somewhat similar,  
 But poor old Goebals had no balls at all.

She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline  
Always dancing on the village green,  
Never had a thrill, was a virgin still  
Poor little Angeline.

Now the local squire had a low desire  
Filthiest bastard in the whole damn shire,  
He had his heart on the vital part  
Of poor little Angeline,

Came the village fare and the squire was there  
Masturbating in the village square,  
When he chanced to see the dainty knee  
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Your cat  
Has been run over, and is squashed quite flat,  
Now my car's in the square, and I'll take you there,  
Poor little Angeline."

That lovely bird shouldn't trust such a turd,  
But she climbed right in without a word.  
As they drove away you could hear them say,  
"Poor little Angeline."

They had not gone far when he stopped the car  
And took little Angeline into a bar,  
Where he gave her a gin just to make her sin;  
Poor little Angeline.

When he oiled her well he took her to a dell,  
And there he gave her bloody fucking hell;  
And he tried his luck on a low down fuck,  
Poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised his cape,  
Poor little Angeline had no escape;  
Now it's time someone came to save the name  
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold,  
And he'd loved Angeline for years untold,  
And he vowed he'd be true whatever they'd do  
To poor little Angeline.

continued . . .

(37 continued)

But sad to say that very same day  
 The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay;  
 For coming in his pants at the local dance  
 With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of the cell overlooked the dell  
 Where the blacksmith's bird was getting hell,  
 And upon the grass he recognized the arse  
 Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let go a fart  
 Blowing that gaol clean apart,  
 And he ran like shit lest the squire should split  
 His poor little Angeline.

Now the squire, by chance, saw the blacksmith advance  
 And he got such a fright that he shat his pants;  
 He was out of luck in the way of a fuck  
 With poor little Angeline.

"Oh blacksmith, oh blacksmith, I love you true,  
 And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too  
 Here I am undressed, you can do the rest,"  
 Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it would be wrong to end this song,  
 For the blacksmith had a penis fully one foot long,  
 And his natural charm was as thick as your arm,  
 Lucky little Angeline.

38 THAT BOSEM PAL OF MINE {Tune: She'll Be Coming  
 Round The Mountain}

Oh how I love that bosem pal of mine,  
 Oh how I love that bosem pal of mine,  
 Oh how I love that bosem,  
 Oh how I love that bosem,  
 Oh how I love that bosem pal of mine.

She has a lovely cunt-ry estate, etc.  
 She has a lovely naval uniform, etc.  
 Have you seen her lovely bottom set of teeth, etc.  
 Oh I'd like to give her a baby Austin car, etc.  
 Have you ever seen her dress up on the line, etc.  
 Oh I'd like to take her pants down to the cleaners, etc.  
 Oh I can't wait to get in her new car, etc.  
 Oh she has a lovely thy-oroid gland, etc.

....

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture  
 Full of sorrow and gloom:  
 Father has an anal stricture,  
 Mother has a fallen womb.  
 Brother percy's been deported  
 For a homosexual crime,  
 Sister Sue has been aborted  
 For the forty-second time.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre  
 Caught from Uncle Henry's wife,  
 May's in bed with menstruation,  
 Auntie's at the change of life.  
 Life presents a dismal picture:  
 No one hardly ever smiles;  
 Mine's a gloomy occupation  
 Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Life presents a dismal picture-  
 Found a foetus in a case:  
 Dr. Bowden says it's murder-  
 Of Sister Anne there is no trace.  
 Brother Bill's emasculated  
 For the safety of the race,  
 Cousin Jane is now frustrated;  
 No man's safe around our place.

As for me, I had a discharge  
 Which with Dettol did anoint,  
 But it wasn't worth a cracker,  
 Now I've got a buggered joint.  
 Streptococcal salpingitis  
 It has blocked my tubes for me;  
 So you see my dearest doctor  
 What a healthy lot are we!

SEXIATUS MANIA

Sexiatus mania  
 Frustratum randium  
 Sexiatus mania  
 Frustratum randium  
 Prostitutum contraceptum  
 Hand et fingum masturbatum  
 Satisfactor relievum  
 Satisfactor relievum.

TELL US ANOTHERIE

A giddy young trollop at Yale  
 Had verses tattooed on her tail,  
 And below her behind for the sake of the blind  
 Was a duplicate version in braille.

Chorus: Oh that was a dirty old rhyme,  
 Tell us anotherie, dirty as buggery,  
 Tell us anotherie do, please do.

There was a young lady from thrace  
 Whose corsets grew too tight to lace;  
 Her mother said, "Nelly, there's more in your belly,  
 Than ever went in through your face."

There once was a lady of the Azores,  
 Whose cunt was all covered in sores,  
 Even dogs in the street wouldn't lick the green meat  
 That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady of Exeter,  
 Who made all the men crane their necks at her,  
 And some who were brave would gallantly wave  
 The distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There once was a monk from Siberia,  
 Whose morals were rather inferior:  
 He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,  
 And now she's a mother superior!

There was a young lady called Starkie,  
 Who had an affair with a darkie;  
 The result of this sin was three sets of twins,  
 One black, one white, and one kharki.

There was a young man from Australia,  
 Who painted his arse like a dahlia-  
 The drawing was fine, the colour devine,  
 But the scent of the bloom was a failure.

A lesbian once in Khartoum,  
 Asked a fairy boy up to her room,  
 They spent all the night in a hell of a fight  
 As to which would do what, and to whom

The dirty old Bishop of Buckingham  
 Was thinking of tits and of sucking 'em,  
 While watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts,  
 And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em!

While bathing, a student called Hume,  
 Read a novel called sex in the bloom,  
 On arising the dope skidded once on the soap,  
 Then pole-vaulted out of the room.

(41 continued) A.

There once was a fellow from Kent,  
 Whose tool was horribly bent ;  
 To save himself trouble he put it in double,  
 And instead of coming he went.

There once was a chap from St.Kilda,  
 Who took out a girl called Matilda,  
 He said that he could, and he should, and he would,  
 And he did and he fucking-well killed her.

There was a young man from Horsham,  
 Who took out his balls to wash 'em,  
 His mother said, "Jack if you don't put 'em back  
 I'll stand on the bastards and squash 'em."

There was a pert lass from Madras  
 Who had a peculiar arse,  
 Not rounded and pink like you'd probably think,  
 But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

There once was a young man from Nabs,  
 Who lived on pox picking scabs;  
 If he got sick on spew, which he often would do,  
 His wife's monthly blood brought him through.

There was a young man from Bermuda,  
 Who liked his tart nude when he wooed her.  
 She thought it was rude to be wooed in the nude ,  
 But the fellow was shrewder and screwed her.

There was a young lady called Mable,  
 Who liked it best on the table;  
 What a cunt of a whore, she'd take 200 or more,  
 And invite any back who were able.

A girl of uncertain nativity  
 Had a sense of extreme sensitivity,  
 When she sat on the lap of a German or Jap'  
 She could sense fifth column activity.

The spouse of a pretty young thing  
 Came home from the wars in the spring;  
 He was lame, but he came with his hand on his cane,  
 A discharge is a wonderful thing.

There was a young man from Rangoon,  
 Who was an unfortunate houn,  
 He hadn't the luck to be born by a fuck,  
 But a wet dream fed in by a spoon.

(41 continued) B.

There once was a girl from Leith,  
Who sucked young men off with her teeth,  
It wasn't for pleasure she adopted this measure,  
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Bardon,  
Whose sort sucked him off in the garden,  
He said, "Hey Flo', where did it go?"  
She replied, "Hup, beg your pardon."

There was a young man from Kildare,  
Who started a root on a stair,  
When the banister broke he just quickened his stroke,  
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young fellow from Leeds,  
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,  
In a month, silly arse, he was covered in grass,  
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young splinterish lass,  
Who constructed her panties of brass,  
When asked, "Do they chafe," she said, "Yes but it's safe  
Against pinches and pins in your arse."

A midget once indiscreet,  
Went to a dance in the street,  
One frigid December he froze every member,  
And creapt away in retreat.

A fanatic gun lover called crust  
Was perverse to the point of disgust,  
His idea of a peach had a 16 inch breach,  
And a pearl handled 44 bust.

There once was a maiden from Otterbury,  
Whose knowledge was quite desulterey,  
She explained like a sage; adolescence - the stage  
Between puberty and adultery.

There was a young lady from Sydney,  
Who could take it right up to her kidney,  
But a man from the south got it up to her mouth;  
"He got his moneys worth didn't he!"

There once was a bastard from Harrow,  
Whose prick was as big as a marrow.  
He said to his tart, "Cop this for a start,  
And I'll wheel up my balls in a barrow."

(41 continued) C.

There was a young girl from Bengal,  
Who went to the birth control ball,  
Took all her accessories;-letters and pecaries,  
Then didn't get asked to at all.

A policeman from Tottenham Junction,  
Lost the use of his sexual function;  
For the rest of his life he deceived his poor wife  
By the dextrous use of his truncheon.

There was a young man from St. Paul,  
Who had a hexagonal ball,  
The square of his date plus his penis times eight  
Was two thirds of five eighths of fuck all.

There was a young man from the cape,  
Who foolishly took on an ape,  
The ape said, "You fool, you'll buggar your tool,  
And put my arse out of shape."

There was a young girl in Japan,  
Who went for a ride in a tram,  
The dirty conductor got up and he fucked her,  
And now she is wheeling a pram.

There was a young girl from Bengal,  
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,  
The dress caught fire, and burnt her entire  
Front page, sporting section and all.

A dirty old bastard called Dave  
Kept a dead whore in a cave,  
"I know it's disgusting, but she only needs dusting,  
And think of the money I save."

There was a young man from Cape Horn,  
Who wished he'd never been born,  
He wouldn't have been if his father had seen  
That the end of his letter was torn.

There was a young Grecian called Grace,  
Who sucked off one of her race,  
In spite of his howls she sucked out his bowels,  
Then spat them back into his face.

There was a young lady from York,  
Said to a Frenchman who gnawed at her fork,  
"My cunt it is dripping so please stop your sipping,  
And use your damn cock as a cork."

(41 continued) D.

There was a young girl from Dakota,  
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda,  
The walls of the halls were lined with the balls,  
And the tools of the fools who had rode her.

There was a young man from Perth,  
Who was the dirtiest bastard on earth,  
When his wife was confined, he pulled down the blind,  
And licked up the green after-birth.

There was a young man from the Alice,  
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,  
It wasn't the need that prompted the deed,  
But pure sectarian malice.

There was a young lady from Dorset,  
Who went to a twopenny closet,  
But when she got there she could only pass air;  
"That wasn't worth twopence was it?"

In the garden of Eden lay Adam,  
As he tickled the twot of his madam;  
He chuckled with mirth as he thought on this earth  
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There once was a parson from Kings,  
Who's mind dwelt on heavenly things,  
But his earthly desire was a boy in the choir,  
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

There was a young lady of fashion  
Who had oodles and oodles of passion  
To the bridegroom she said, on the night she was wed,  
"Here's one thing the state cannot ration."

There was a young lady of Erskine,  
The chief of whose charms was a fair skin,  
But the sable she wore, (and minks galore),  
She earned while wearing her bare skin.

Knock kneed Sam McGuzzen  
Married his bow legged cousin,  
Some people say that love finds a way,  
But for sam and his cousin it doesn't.

There was a young lady from Kew,  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,  
"The Vicar was quicker, and slicker, and thicker,  
And nine inches longer than you."

(41 continued) E.

There once was a man from Peru,  
Who lived on cat's jerk off and spew,  
When he tired of these, he lived on the cheese,  
That under his foreskin grew.

There once was a monastery monk,  
Who went to sleep on a bunk,  
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis,  
And awoke with a handfull of spunk.

A dirty old man in Calcutta,  
Once raped a young girl in the gutter,  
The heat of the sun burnt a hole in his bum,  
And melted his balls to butter.

There was an old hag from Jahore,  
Who was covered with syphilis sore,  
Great sheets of green meat hung in lengths to the street,  
For the dogs to lick up and to gnaw.

There once was a dentist called Chome,  
Who had a young patient from Rome,  
In a fit of depravity he filled the wrong cavity,  
Now she's nursing the filling at home.

There once was a lady called Myrtle,  
Who had an affair with a turtle,  
Next day at dawn she gave birth to a prawn,  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Reims,  
Prone to having wet dreams,  
With commendable wit he encased them in shit,  
And sold them as chocolate creams.

There was a young baker from Tottenham,  
Who used to make pies, and put snot in 'em,  
He also interned the turds of the birds,  
And whopped off young dogs 'till they shot in 'em.

Here's to the breezes  
What lifts the girls' tweezes,  
Above their bare kneezes,  
And lets us all seezes,  
The things that us pleezes,  
And gives us diseezes,  
By Jeezes.....  
The breezes!

43

IT'S A BASTARD AWAY ---

(Tune: The Pub With No Beer.)

Oh it's a bastard away from your woman and all,  
 With a pain in the nuts from a great lover's ball,  
 But there's nothing more tragic, morbid or drear  
 Than to knock off a barmaid who's got gonorrhcea!

Now the publican's anxious for the chemist to come,  
 For he's looking with lust at the dear barmaid's bum,  
 He's longing to give her a poke in the crack,  
 But without a French letter he might get the jack!

Now the swagman crawls in undoing his fly,  
 Saying, "Give me a poke, or I'll piss in your eye,"  
 The publican cries, "Hey don't do that mate,"  
 But the swaggy' breaks down; "It's too bloody late!"

Oh the stockman strides in with a masterly stroke,  
 Takes the pants off her arse and gives her a poke,  
 But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,  
 When he learns that the barmaid has got gonorrhoea!

Old Billy the blacksmith, first time in his life,  
 Goes home with a horn to his darling wife,  
 But as he walks in the kitchen she says with a sneer,  
 "Without a French letter you'll get nothing here!"

Now the dog on the verandah's still suffering from shock,  
 For he's just seen the size of old billy's cock,  
 He dashes for cover and cringes in fear,  
 Bill's sure to shag something and he'll not be there!

44

THE PLAYHOUSE SAINT, or PHILLIS UNMARKED

Near famous Covent Gardens,  
 A dome there stands on high,  
 Where kings are represented,  
 And queens in metre die.  
 Where beaus and men of business  
 Diversions hither bring,  
 To hear the wanton doxies prate  
 And see them dance and sing.

Here Phillis was a darling,  
 And she herself gave out  
 As tight a lass as ever  
 Did use a double clout.  
 She was brisk and gay and cunning,  
 And wanted a wedlock yoke,  
 And hence though many tried her  
 She never gave a stroke.

(44 continued)

Young suitors she had many,  
From squire up to lord,  
But daily she refused them,  
For virtue was the word.  
A saint she would be thought,  
And dissembled all she could,  
But jolly rakes all knew she was  
A playhouse, flesh and blood.

Her mother when encouraged  
With warm Jamaican dose,  
Still cried, "Take care dear Phillis  
To keep thy haunches close."  
This made her stand out stoutly,  
Opposing all that come,  
So twenty demi-cannon  
Were mounted at her bum.

The knight and country squire  
Were shot with her disdain,  
The lawyer was outwitted,  
The hardy soldier slain.  
The bluff tarpaulian sailor  
In vain cried, "Hard-a-port,"  
But she shirked and bluffed them all at sea,  
At the country, town and court.

The God of Love grown angry  
That Phillis seemed so shy  
Resolved her pride to humble,  
And to rout her "pish and fie!"  
He sent a slow foot tailor  
That knew well how to stitch,  
And in a little time  
Had found a button for her britch'.

Yet was it not so close,  
But 'tis known without a doubt  
A little human figure  
Had secretly dropped out.  
And though some pretty scandal  
Doth persue this venial fact,  
Her mother swears and does avow  
Her honour's still intact!

Good morning Mr. Murphy,  
Bless your heart and soul;  
I tried to fuck your daughter,  
But I couldn't find the hole.

continued....

(45 continued)

When finally I found it  
 Underneath her pretty frock,  
 Blimey Mr. Murphy  
 I couldn't find my cock.

And when at last I found it  
 Clasped in my clammy hand,  
 Blimey Mr. Murphy  
 I couldn't make it stand.

And when at last I made it stand  
 All straight and thin,  
 Blimey Mr. Murphy  
 I couldn't get it in.

And when at last I got it in  
 And thrust it to and fro,  
 Blimey Mr. Murphy  
 I couldn't make it blow.

And when at last I made it blow  
 After an hour or thereabout  
 Blimey Mr. Murphy  
 I couldn't get it out.

And when at last I got it out  
 All red and sore,  
 Gaw' blimey Mr. Murphy  
 The bastard wanted more!

46

SO I LOST MY MAIDEN DAYS

I knew it was wrong to go with him,  
 I knew his reputation,  
 But the party was just so boring  
 That I yielded to temptation.

He took me to his spritely car,  
 The door he locked behind me,  
 The engine roared, we were away,  
 His spare arm draped around me.

We'd only gone a short way  
 When the engine's note subsided,  
 Then his right hand left the wheel,  
 And on my knee resided.

I tried to turn my face from his  
 To temper his insistence,  
 But since it proved no earthly use  
 I ended this resistance.

continued....

(46 continued) A.

Then he pressed his mouth to mine,  
With lips just slightly parted,  
And by the passion of his kiss  
I knew the game had started.

I slipped my arm around his neck,  
Exchanging kiss for kiss;  
I'd never thought that crashing on  
Could be such fun as this.

Now while on his my lips were pressed,  
My heart in full surrender,  
I felt his hand slip up my dress  
As far as my suspender.

I took my arm from 'round his neck,  
And made him move his hand,  
I said I did not mind a kiss,  
But this I would not stand.

His roving hand, thus far removed,  
Began another quest  
As he slowly moved it upwards,  
Until it reached my breast.

In spite of my resistance firm,  
Waves of passion rippled,  
As he gently stroked my breasts,  
And fondled bulging nipples.

Then while his right hand stroked my breast,  
His left again grew bolder,  
He sought, and found, my dress's strap,  
And pulled it from my shoulder.

I lifted parted lips to him,  
To pay for his caress.  
Meanwhile his other hand moved close,  
And slipped beneath my dress.

My backless dress slipped off post-haste,  
My chastity was reeling,  
His strong and groping hand instilled  
A wild voluptuous feeling.

Then as his right hand guided mine  
Erotic thoughts rose high,  
Till finally it came to rest  
Upon his muscled thigh.

...

continued....

(46 continued) B.

Temptation caught me in its grip,  
My will, once firm, grew weaker,  
Then moving upwards on his thigh  
My hand became a seeker.

I pulled from underneath his clothes  
The precious prize I'd found,  
And wonderingly I gazed at it,  
So long, so hard, so round.

Then both hands left my private parts,  
My attire grew quite scanty,  
Because with movements deft and swift,  
He removed my black lace panties.

By now I gladly realised  
My virgin days were over,  
So taking a rug we spread it out  
Upon a patch of clover.

He knelt between my wide spread legs,  
And sank upon my breast,  
Caressing firm erected lips  
With tender earnest zest.

I knew what he was going to do,  
Yet offered no resistance,  
I even squirmed about a bit  
To give him some assistance.

I pulled him close and held him tight,  
My gaping vagina throbbed,  
And when I felt a short sharp pain,  
I knew he'd commenced the job.

My organ's passage amply oiled  
By nature's lubrication,  
Its first intruder welcomed in  
With rhythmical pulsation.

It seemed a miracle to me,  
So tiny was my nest,  
That it could so accomodate  
This firm erected guest.

I clenched my fists, and then was lost  
In ever-mounting pleasure;  
The pain increased a little more  
As I received his treasure.

continued....

(46 continued) C.

We lay entangled for a while  
 To make our joy complete,  
 Then he withdrew his swollen toy  
 To leave me well on heat.

With the love game fully played  
 We both felt rather shy,  
 So I returned his softened pride,  
 And buttonned up his fly.

And so I lost my maiden days,  
 Without a twinge of sorrow,  
 And just to show there's no regret,  
 We'll play again tomorrow!

47 THE END OF MY OLD CIGAR

One evening after supper  
 The Lord of the "Star"  
 Presented me with a ninepenny cigar,  
 I smoked it until Easter,  
 Like one of the la-dee-dah,  
 Now everybody knows me  
 By the end of me old cigar.

Chorus: The end of me old cigar,  
 Tra-lull, tra-lull, tra-lah,  
 Now everybody knows me  
 By the end of me old cigar.

One evening after supper  
 While strolling in the park,  
 I comes across a lady; it's getting rather dark,  
 Says she, "Can you direct me,  
 I've wandered rather far,"  
 So I takes a puff and shows the way  
 With the end of me old cigar.

When Colonel Smith, the millionaire,  
 Last gave a garden party,  
 The wife and me got a welcome true and hearty;  
 While the wife was carrying on  
 With some of the la-dee-dah,  
 I was doing a trade of me own  
 With the end of me old cigar.

One evening after supper  
 Into my surgery  
 Comes a lady with a vaccination pree,  
 "Vaccinate me, Doctor,  
 But please don't leave a scar,"  
 So I vaccinated old Gerty  
 With the end of me old cigar.

THE BALL OF KERRYSKIRK

Have you heard of the ball, the ball of Kerrymoor,  
Where four and twenty virgins were lying on the floor?

Chorus 1: Singing, "Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now,  
The one who did me last time must have used a plough."

Chorus 2: Singing, "First lady forward, second lady back,  
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack."

Chorus 3: Singing, "Balls to your partner, arse against the wall,  
If you've never been shagged on a Saturday night,  
You've never been shagged at all."

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,  
And you couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.

Sandy McPherson came along, it was a bloody shame,  
He fucked a lassie forty times then woudna take her home.

The Parson's daughter she was there, cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her arse, and thistles up her cunt.

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,  
But when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

The undertaker he was there, enveloped in a shroud,  
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd.

The village idiot he was there, sitting on a pole,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there, she had the crowd in fits,  
A-jumping off the mantelpiece, and bouncing on her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,  
That the vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to her womb.

The village magician he was there, up to his favourite trick,  
Pulling his foreskin over his head, and balancing on his prick.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,  
Doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.

Farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

The Vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall,  
Crying, "Money on the table boys, I'm fit to do you all."

The squire's daughter she was there, silly little clown,  
They tied her to the banister, then fucked her upside down.

continued....

(48 continued) A.

There was fucking on the highways and fucking in the lanes,  
And you couldn't hear the music for the rattling in the drains.

The village doctor he was there, but all alone he sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

There was fucking on the highways and fucking in the lanes,  
And you couldn't see the roadway for the semen in the drains.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances he was sterilizing pricks.

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking on the stairs,  
And you couldn't see the carpet for all the curly hairs.

The Parson's son he was there, but since he's only eight,  
He couldn't fuck the women so he had to masturbate.

There was fucking on the couches; there was fucking in the cots,  
And lying up against the walls were rows of grinning twots.

The village postman he was there, he had a load of pox,  
He couldn't get a woman so he shagged a letter box.

Farmer Brown he was there, a-jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

The chimney sweep he was there, a-hoping for a bash,  
But every time he passed his wind, the room was filled with ash.

..... played a dirty trick, we canna' let it pass,  
He showed a lass his mighty prick, then shoved it up her arse.

..... he was there, was drunk without a doubt,  
For when he stuffed the Parson's wife, he couldn't get it out.

..... had an even stroke, his skill was much admired,  
He gratified one cunt a time, until his strength expired.

..... also came along, but gave up in despair,  
For he couldn't get his penis through the tangle of the hair.

..... did his fucking out upon the moor,  
And it was, he thought, much nicer than a-fucking on the floor.

..... he was there, a-looking for a fuck,  
But every cunt was occupied, so he was out of luck.

..... when he got there, his prick was long and high,  
But after fucking forty times, he was fucking mighty dry.

continued....

(48 continued) B.

..... oh he was there, his prick was long and broad,  
And when he fucked the farmer's wife she had to be rebored.

..... he was there, his prick was all alert,  
But after half the night was done, 'twas dangling in the dirt.

49 CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT, THE COWPUNCHER'S WHORE

I was ridin' through Texas where the bullshit lies thick,  
One hand on the reins, and one on my prick,  
When suddenly I saw her, the girl I adore,  
'Twas Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

Chorus: She's easy, she's greasy, she lives on the street,  
And whenever you see her she's always on heat,  
She'll do it for a dollar, come less or come more,  
She's Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

She lay on the bed and was feeling quite fit,  
When all of a sudden she yearned for a shit,  
So she up with the window and out with her arse,  
Pity help the poor bastard who happened to pass.

The poor old night watchman was pounding his beat,  
Up and down, up and down into the street,  
When he heard a great thunder, looked up in the sky,  
And a bloody great turd hit him fair in the eye.

The poor old night watchman was blinded for life,  
With seven screaming kids and a syphilitic wife,  
You'll see him on the corner of Market and Pitt,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit."

50

TWO BOLD GENDARMES

From the brothels back in Sydney  
To the cunt struck Japanese,  
We left a trail of bastards,  
And no finer men are these,  
But if we meet a dying harlot,  
Or a syphilitic twot,  
We fuck 'em all.... We fuck 'em all  
We fuck 'em all.... We fuck 'em all  
We've got the harlots on the run,  
We fuck 'em all.... We fuck 'em all  
We fuck 'em all.... We fuck 'em all  
There isn't one that can't be done.

BARNACLE BILL

"Who's that knocking at my door,  
 Who's that knocking at my door,  
 Who's that knocking at my door,"  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh it's only me from 'cross the sea,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor....

Chorus: I'm young enough and ready and tough,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"You may sleep upon the floor," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh buggar the floor you dirty old whore,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

"You may sleep upon the mat," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh buggar the mat I can't fuck that,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

"You may sleep upon the stairs," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh buggar the stairs they havn't got hairs,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

"You may sleep upon my breast," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh buggar your tits they give me the shite,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

"You may sleep between my thighs," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"Oh buggar your thighs they're covered in flies,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

"What will we do when the baby's born," (3)  
 Cried the fair young maiden.

"We'll drown the buggar and fuck for another,"  
 Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.... etc.

RAMONA

Ramona, I'm just returning from the hunt,  
 Ramona, I'm longing for your greasy cunt,  
 I'll press it, caress it and make a mess all over the floor,  
 I'll always remember how I slipped my arse through the door,  
 Ramona, if you should hear a baby call,  
 Ramona, drown it in the waterfall,  
 I dread the morn when I awake and find no horn,  
 Ramona you dirty old whore.

53

LAMENT OF AN IMPOTENT INVALID

I've grown old and my balls are cold  
 And the knob on my prick is blue,  
 And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,  
 I'm pretty-well fucked right through.

I've spent a small fortune on chemists,  
 I've lain months in hospital beds,  
 And the stuff that I've taken to shift me  
 Has torn my poor stomach to shreds.

And in spite of the cures I'm taking,  
 There's hardly a day I feel fit,  
 And it takes a full pound of gunpowder,  
 Before I can bloody-well shit.

I've a stricture in the tube of my penis,  
 And I don't mind telling you this,  
 I've to whistle "The Last Rose Of Summer"  
 To coax my poor d6odle to piss.

And as for a first class erection,  
 The idea is simply absurd,  
 For my cock's like an undersized maggot,  
 And as soft as a night commode turd.

So my time is all spent in the shithouse,  
 Or moaning and groaning in bed,  
 While my friends they all murmur when passing,  
 "It's time the poor bastard was dead."

54

PETE THE PIDDLING PUP

(May be sung to the tune of "The Wild Colonial Boy!")

A farmer's dog once came to town,  
 His christian name was Pete.  
 His pedigree was two niles long,  
 And his looks were hard to beat,  
 And as he trotted down the road  
 'Twas wonderful to see,  
 His work on every corner,  
 His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway,  
 He never missed a post,  
 For piddling was his masterpiece,  
 And piddling was his boast.  
 The city dogs looked longingly on  
 In deep and jealous rage,  
 To see the simple country dog  
 The piddler of his age.

continued....

(54 continued) A.

Then all the dogs from near and far  
 Were summoned with a yell,  
 To sniff this country stranger off  
 And judge him by his smell.  
 They sniffed beneath his dumpy tail,  
 Their praise of him ran high,  
 But when one sniffed him underneath,  
 Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelled him over one by one,  
 They smelled him two by two,  
 And noble Pete, in high disdain,  
 Stood still 'till they were through.  
 Then Pete, to show those city dogs  
 He didn't give a damn,  
 Walked right into a grocer's shop,  
 And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions,  
 He piddled on the floor,  
 And when the grocer kicked him out  
 He piddled on the door.  
 Behind him all the city dogs  
 Decided what they'd do,  
 They'd start a piddling carnival  
 To see the stranger through.

They'd show him all the piddling posts,  
 They knew all 'round the town,  
 Hoping first, with many winks,  
 To wear the stranger down.  
 Then they'd call the champion piddlers,  
 Who were always on the go,  
 Who sometimes held a piddling comp',  
 Or gave a piddling show.

They sprung this on him suddenly,  
 When halfway through the town,  
 But Pete just piddled on and on,  
 And wore the champions down.  
 For Pete was with them every trick,  
 With vigour and with vim,  
 A thousand piddles, more or less,  
 Were all the same to him.

So Pete was piddling merrily,  
 With hind leg kicking high,  
 When most were lifting legs in bluff,  
 And piddling mighty dry.  
 On and on Pete sought new ground,  
 On which to lay the dust,  
 Till every other dog was dry,  
 And gave up in disgust.

continued....

(54 continued) b.

But on and on went noble Pete,  
 To water every sandhill,  
 'Till all the city champions  
 Were piddled to a standstill.  
 Then Pete an exhibition gave,  
 Of all the ways to piddle,  
 Like "Double Dip," and "Family Flip,"  
 And now and then in a dribble.

And all the time the country dog,  
 Did neither wink nor grin,  
 But piddled blithely out of town,  
 As he had piddled in.  
 The city dogs said, "So long friend,  
 Your piddling defeats us,"  
 But no one ever put them wise,  
 That Pete had diabetes.....

#### 55 YOUR SPOONING DAYS

Your spooning days are over,  
 Your pilot light is out:  
 What used to be your sex appeal,  
 Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed,  
 To make the thing behave,  
 For every blooming morning,  
 It would stand and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old,  
 It sure gives you the blues,  
 To see the thing hang down your leg,  
 And watch you shine your shoes.

#### 56 MUNICIPAL DUNNY CART

(Tune: "Ghost Riders In The Sky")

The municipal dunny cart was loaded to the brim,  
 The municipal dunny man fell in and could not swim,  
 And as he was a-sinking, a-sinking like a stone,  
 We heard the maggots crying out, "There's no place like home."

Chorus: U-rine-i-ay, u-rine-i-oh, ghost maggots in the overflow.

We fished him out, but much too late, the maggots did their work,  
 So we left him by the roadside for the passers-by to jerk,  
 The moral of this story, then, if you should shovel shit,  
 Don't throw yourself into your work, or you might drown in it.

57 BALLAD OF JOCK McPHAIL or SAMARI SALL

When the evening sky over Samari  
 Is tinged a dusky red,  
 And the sun, a crimson globe of flame,  
 Dips down past Kwato Head.

When the tall sea pines resound to the whine  
 Of the nimble anopheles,  
 That's the time of day, old timers say,  
 They buried old Dumfries.

Now only those who have been to the tropics,  
 Know what the sun can do,  
 When pricks hang limp, like gutted shrimps,  
 And testicles stick like glue.

When even a fart can't raise a start,  
 And you'll never notice the smell,  
 You can only clutch at the base of your crutch,  
 And feel you've been through hell.

It was such a day at Lae,  
 I just could not get up,  
 For my arse was glued to the seat of my chair,  
 Like a rubber suction cup.

Then a tradesman, picking his nose,  
 And flicking the flies from his bum,  
 Told us the taik of Jock McPhail  
 As he moodily sniffed at his rum.

"Now in days gone by in Samari,  
 'Twas much the same as now,  
 There was only one bar, The Evening Star,  
 Run by a greasy chow.

So McPhail scudded east with his heart at ease,  
 And his billowing stern sail set,  
 Though he'd been in strife with the cops at Fife,  
 Shagging a goat for a bet.

He shouted all that long hard day,  
 At his sweating kanaka crew,  
 "Tonight we get to Samari,  
 Or I'll have your balls for stew."

So set up in the bar of The Evening Star  
 He strode with a measured tread,  
 And the local belles who knew him well,  
 Cringed back in silent dread.

continued....

(57 continued) A.

With rise and fall of buttocks and thighs  
On a low slung wicker bench,  
The old C.O. was having a go  
At a dusky kanaka wench.

A planter, tall, flicked the starboard ball  
Of laughing Pete McCrick,  
Who smiled and casually burned the hair,  
From the former's pendulous prick.

A pink cheeked cadet, in a lather of sweat,  
Was pulling himself in a glass,  
While his mate gave a tug at a two pint jug,  
That was jammed into his arse.

But they stopped their fun at the roar of a gun,  
And a voice like a North Sea gale,  
"Gangway, by God, you turd born sod,  
Make way for Jock McPhail."

Now Jock was a man of the Campbell Clan,  
Though his breed exists no more,  
And though he roamed the sea, he hailed from Dumfries,  
Was Scot pure, Scot to the core.

The long low line of his schooner fine  
Was known in every port,  
Where he took his ease like a North Sea breeze,  
At inter-sexual sport.

Jock was paid well in Trochous shell,  
Had a wad of cash in bank,  
Had a heart of gold and a cock, I'm told,  
As big as an oxygen tank.

From Baring Strait to the Golden Gate  
He had blazed a lusty trail,  
And countless whores had ample cause  
To recall the name McPhail.

An ignorant whore in Singapore  
Once made the boastful cry,  
That, dead or alive, no man in bed,  
Her lust could satisfy.

In the chilly dawn when the Scot had gone,  
By the light of the early sun,  
With palsied hands and ruptured glands,  
She repaired the damage he'd done.

.....  
continued....

(57 continued) b.

But he only smiled at a wayward child,  
And waved his mighty cock,  
"Why, damn your eyes, do you think it's wise  
To trifle with Dumfries' jock?"

With legs astride, and with conscious pride,  
He addressed the company,  
"I dinna' fear there's a bastard here,  
Who willna' drink wi' me!"

With a gusty cheer they all surged near,  
That wild and lawless crew,  
But they stopped their noise at the sound of a voice,  
Familiar to all but a few. i/

Framed in the door was a painted whore,  
Her vulva curled in a sneer,  
"So there's the Jock with the outsize cock,"  
She said with a knowing leer.

"That sort of prick wouldn't take a trick,"  
And her arse was spread in a grin,  
"It must have been seized with some filthy disease,  
For it looks like a rolling pin."

Jock's blue eyes held a mild surprise,  
And as he turned to gaze at the whore,  
Those who knew what that prick could do  
Timidly edged to the door.

At the sight of his face they gave him space,  
But he merely gazed at the tart,  
And said never a word, though the closest heard  
The sibilent hiss of his fart.

You must admit she had plenty of guts,  
This well built stocky maid,  
And she was no fool, though her only school  
Was a brothel in Port Said.

She'd sucked them dry from Moratai  
To the Panama Canal,  
Her very name brought her fame,  
They called her Samari Sall.

This Saturday night the place was bright,  
For the boys were all in town,  
And the local sluts picked scabs from their cunts,  
As they slipped their nickers down.

....

continued....

(57 continued)C.

Some Dago scum, with courage of rum,  
Once made the ill-timed jest,  
Of slipping an old brass cannon  
Down the back of the Scotsman's vest.

With a wriggle and slip and a python grip,  
Jock clenched the cheeks of his arse,  
And, standing in awe, the watchers saw  
Just a mass of twisted brass.

But the burly Scot never cared a jot,  
So he slipped off his pants and vest,  
And twice his cock, like an earthquake shock,  
Pounded his hairy chest.

And twice it rose and fell to his toes,  
And the foreskin flickered back,  
And he pushed his ham, like a battering ram,  
Through the mouth of that quivering crack.

Jock hardly paused at the gaping jaws  
Of that giant fur rimmed hole,  
(Though the watchers saw in that cavernous maw,  
The bot-flies playing bowls.)

But Samari Sall shut her trap  
On the unsuspecting cock,  
And the mouth of her womb soon closed like a tomb  
On the confident smiling Jock.

For a Japanese tart had shown Sall an art  
In a spirit of innocent fun,  
Though 'twas ancient lore to the Nipponese whore,  
Sall had never seen it done.

By twisting about her fallopian tubes,  
And contracting the walls of her twot,  
Sall showed, with pride, how a prick could be tied  
In a quite inextricable knot.

So the Scot was bound, he never had found  
A dilemma quite like this,  
And the watchers guessed, by the sweat on his chest,  
That something was amiss.

With a pig-like grunt he tugged at her cunt,  
Giving a groan you could almost feel,  
But with never a squirm her twot held firm,  
With a grip like tempered steel.

continued....

....

(57 continued) D.

He vainly thought, as a last resort,  
Of a .45 calibre colt,  
So the muzzle he passed up that red rimmed arse,  
Jamming it home with a jolt.

As the gun gave a roar, the unruffled whore  
Caught the slug between her teeth,  
And, twisting about, she spat it out  
On the hardwood floor beneath.

Then Sall, I was told, relaxed her hold,  
When she saw what she had done,  
And Jock fell back from that deadly crack;  
The painted whore had won.

She massaged his bum with boiling rum,  
But the time for that had passed,  
"Take care of your twot," cried the gallant Scot,  
And then he breathed his last.

Now you know where the giant mangrove stands,  
At the foot of Sabari Reach,  
Where the old deserted shit-house  
Stands on the sandy beach.

'Twas over there a Scotish clay  
Was buried beneath the dunes,  
And the trunk of that tree as you can still see  
Was carved in classic runes.

And still they say at the close of day,  
When the sky is a dusky red,  
And the sun, a crimson ball of flame,  
Dips down past Kwato Head.

When the tall sea pines are aloud with the wine  
Of the nimble anopheles,  
And the white hawks cry is a lullaby,  
And the roar of the surf is ceased.

Then the air is rent by the Campbell's lament  
To the lilt of pibroch's wail,  
As cock in hand, on the coral strand,  
Strides the ghost of Jock McPhail.

FOUR LETTER WORDS

When nature is calling plain speaking is out,  
 If ladies, Lord love 'em, are milling about,  
 So you "wee wee", "make water" or "green up the grass",  
 You may "powder your nose", even "Johnny" may pass,  
 "Shake the dew off the lillies," "See a man 'bout a dog,"  
 Or what everyone shouts, try "condensing the fog,"  
 But please to remember, if you would know bliss,  
 That only in Shakespeare do characters ....

Chorus: Four letter words, those four letter words,  
 That never say quite what you mean,  
 We'd rather be known for our hypocrite ways,  
 Than vulgar, impure and obscene.

Now woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast,  
 Those lily white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest,  
 They are "towers of ivory," "sheaves of new wheat,"  
 In moments of passion "ripe apples to eat."  
 You may speak of her nipples as "fingers of fire,"  
 With hardly a question of raising her ire,  
 But, by Rabelais' beard, she will throw several fits,  
 If you speak of them roundly as good honest ....

Though a lady oppose your advance she'll be kind,  
 Just as long as you intimate what's on your mind.  
 You may tell her "you're hungry," that "you need to be swung,"  
 You may ask her to see "how your etchings are hung."  
 You may mention "the ashes that need to be hauled,"  
 "Put a lid on the sausepan," even "lay's" not too bold,  
 But the moment you're forthright be ready to duck,  
 For the girl isn't born yet who'll stand for "let's ...."

So let's banish those words that Elizabeth used,  
 When she was Queen Virgin and sat on her "bruise."  
 Modern days' virtue is easily thrown,  
 On meeting those four letter words all alone.  
 Let your language be weaselling, vague and obscure,  
 Be vulgar, solacious, illegal, impure,  
 Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest,  
 For today, not the act, but the word is the test.

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time,  
 In the violent way that you know,  
 Ravage me, savage me, bruise me and damage me,  
 On me no mercy bestow.....

The best things in life are free and oblivious,  
 Give me a girl who is lewd and lascivious,  
 Violate me in the violet time,  
 In the vilest way that you know.

The horse and the mule live thirty years,  
 And nothing know of wines or beers,  
 The goat and the sheep at twenty die,  
 And never a taste of Scotch or rye,  
 The cow drinks water by the ton,  
 At eighteen years her life is done,  
 The dog at fifteen cashes in,  
 Without the whiff of rum or gin,  
 The cat in milk and water soaks,  
 And then in twelve short years it croaks,  
 The modest, sober, bone dry hen,  
 Lays eggs (for noggs) and dies at ten,  
 All animals are strictly dry,  
 They sinless live, and quickly die,  
 But sinful, skinful, rum-soaked men,  
 Survive for three score years and ten,  
 And some of them, though very few,  
 Stay pickled 'till they're ninety two.

A little maiden passing by,  
 A little twinkling of the eye.  
 A little smile, a little date,  
 A meeting when the hour is late.  
 A little promise not to tell,  
 A little room in some hotel.  
 A little fussing in some chair,  
 A little messing of the hair.  
 A little drink, a fond caress,  
 A little question, the answer yes.  
 A little waist shed aside,  
 A little breast that tried to hide.  
 A little hand that went a-stealing,  
 A little pleased with funny feeling.  
 A little coaxing, a little teasing,  
 A form revealed that is most pleasing.  
 A pair of panties, mostly lace,  
 A little blush upon the face.  
 A little shading of the light,  
 A little bed with sheets so white.  
 A little loving in the gloom,  
 A little sigh, a quiet room.  
 A pair of lips so warm and wet,  
 A little whisper, "Please not yet."

continued....

(61 continued)

A little pillow from the head,  
Slipped beneath the hips instead.

A little effort to begin,  
A little help to get it in.

Two little arms that grip me tight,  
And then I ask, "Does it feel alright?"

She smiles and says, "Oh it feels good,"  
And I reply, "I thought it would."

Two legs about my body 'twine,  
Two happy eyes look into mine.

A little movement to and fro,  
A little "Ah" and a little "Oh."

A bigger surge of something hot,  
A little whisper, "Please all you've got."

Two little hearts that beat as one,  
Two little lovers having fun.

A little effort to repeat,  
A little spot upon the sheet.

A little shower when we're through,  
A little drink, or maybe two.

A little sleep and finally then,  
Breakfast in bed at half past ten.

A little bill, a little tip,  
A porter whistling a happy trip.

Like little children after play,  
A little weariness next day.

A little wish that you and I  
May have some more another time.

62

BUGGARED (Tune: "Botany Bay")

For forty long years I've been bugged,  
With horrible aches and with pains,  
I've had every ailment, I reckon,  
From rupture to varicose veins.

Chorus: Singing too-ra-li oo-ra-li addity,  
Singing too-ra-li oo-ra-li aa,  
Singing too-ra-li oo-ra-li addity,  
And I'm feeling more bugged each day.

Neuritis with me is a hobby,  
I've bunions and corns on my feet,  
And I seem to breed stones in my bladder  
Like fuckin' great lumps of concrete.

63

RING THE BELL VERGER

Ocean liner seven days late,  
 'Cause the stoker's up the mate,  
 Captain's voice comes down the wire,  
 "Stop stoking mate and stoke the fire."

Chorus: Ring the bell verger, ring the bell, ring,  
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing,  
 Perhaps the bloody organist, sitting on his stool,  
 Will start playing organ and stop playing tool.

B.B.C. announcer sits  
 Twiddling with the typists tits,  
 Boss walks in and says with smile,  
 "Stop twiddling tits, start twiddling dial."

Down in the basement cook, she lies,  
 With the butler 'twixt her thighs,  
 Mistress's voice in angry mood,  
 "Stop fucking cook, start fucking food."

In the garage mistress sits,  
 She has chauffeur play with tits,  
 Master's voice comes from afar,  
 "Stop fucking mistress and start fucking car."

Up in the bellfry the bell man sits,  
 Playing with his monster bit,  
 Verger's voice comes up from hell,  
 "Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell."

64

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
 Take it out, take it out, reee-move-it."

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
 Put it back, put it back, reee-place-it."

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
 Turn it 'round, turn it 'round, reee-volve-it."

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
 Turn it back, turn it back, reee-verse-it."

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
 Slow it down, slow it down, reee-tard-it."

continued....

(64 continued)

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
Speed it up, speed it up, reee-ciprocate-it."

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
Pull it out, pull it out, reee-tract-it."

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,  
Take a whiff, take a whiff, reee-volting!"

65 THE ALPHABET SONG {Tune: "A Froggy Would A-Wooing Go."}

A is for arseholes all covered in hair,  
Hey-ho said Rolly,  
B is the buggar that wished he were there,  
With a rolly polly up 'em and stuff 'em  
Hey-ho said Anthony Rolly.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss,  
D is the drunkard that gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch without any balls,  
F is for fucker with four on the floor

G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout,  
H is for harlot that spreads it about.

I is for injection for clap, pox and itch,  
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch

K is the king who thought fucking a bore,  
L is the lesbian who came back for more

M is for maidenhood all tattered and torn,  
N is the noble who died with a horn.

O is for orifice gently revealed,  
P is for penis all prepared.

Q is for quaker who shot in his hat.

It is for Roger who Rogered the cat,

S is for shit not all full to the brim

T are the turds that are floating wi

—Writing—

U is the usher who taught me to dance.

V is the virgin who played with his too

W's the whore who thought fucking a farse

X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse,

JUST A BOY

(May be sung to the tune "My Bonny Lies  
Over The Ocean," omitting the chorus.)

I remember the first time I tried it,  
I was just a green kid of fifteen,  
And even though she was much younger  
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,  
Uncertain of how to proceed,  
But she seemed not to pay much attention  
As I prepared to do the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,  
At the close of a fine summer's day,  
And the evening was scented with clover  
And the fragrance of new mown hay.

I remember I spoke to her softly,  
And the touch of her body was warm,  
As I moved up lovingly towards her  
While she nestled her head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember,  
How I looked when my head used to spin  
With thoughts of the thing I planned doing,  
Yet somehow afraid to begin.

Then later I found myself standing,  
Uncertain to stay or to run,  
With a feeling of pride that possessed me  
When I knew that the job was well done.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening,  
But I've never forgotten, I vow,  
The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy  
ON THAT DAY WHEN I FIRST MILKED A COW!

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Put your arsehole to the wall,  
Here I come balls and all,  
Bye-bye Blackbird.

I ain't got an awful lot,  
But what I got will fill your twot  
Bye-bye Blackbird.

So open up your legs a little wider,  
I can feel my foreskin getting tighter,  
She came once,  
I came twice,  
Holy Jesus fucking Christ,  
Blackbird bye-bye....

68 SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor but she was honest,  
Victem of the squire's game;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she lost her honest name.

Chorus: It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor that gets the blame;  
It's the rich that lives in clover,  
Ain't that a bleeding shame.

Then she ran away to London,  
For to hide her grief and shame.  
But she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms again she fluttered,  
Like a bird with broken wings;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in that splendid mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined  
Entertains a sorid guest.

See him in the house of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his passions  
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She says "Farewell blighted love,"  
Then a scream a splash --- Good heavens,  
What is she a-doin' of?

They dragged her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they rang,  
For they thought that she was drowned,  
But her corpse got up and sang: ----

ROTO MARIO

There once was a gay caballero,  
 An exceedingly gay caballero,  
 And of course he had a Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

He went to a low down casino,  
 An exceedingly low down casino,  
 And of course he took his Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

He met there a gay senorino,  
 An exceedingly gay senorino,  
 And of course he used his Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

He caught a nasty disease-o,  
 An exceedingly nasty disease-o,  
 Right on the tip of his Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

So he went to a learned doctor-o ,  
 An exceedingly learned doctor-o ,  
 Who cut off the tip of his Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

Now he sits on the bank of the Rio,  
 The exceedingly fast flowing Rio,  
 And nurses the tip of his Roto Mario,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

So beware all you gay caballeros,  
 You exceedingly gay caballeros,  
 If you don't want the pox, put socks on your cocks,  
 Ro-Roto Mario.

70      THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the ...th day of Christmas my true love said to me ...

Twelve twitching twots  
 Eleven lecherous lesbians  
 Ten tired trollops  
 Nine naughty nuns  
 Eight useless eunuchs  
 Seven scummy scabs  
 Six sexy sisters  
 Five choir boys  
 Four boy scouts  
 Three windmill girls  
 Two virgin maids  
 And a French postcard very filthy..

BRIGHTER CRICKET

An interesting match took place here today when the Hon. John Everhard brought a team of Old Bastardians over to meet a team of society ladies captained by Mrs. Wearwell.

The proceedings were augmented by various lotteries, in which the committee had ordered draws off.

After tossing was done with, it was seen that the men were going in first, so the ladies assumed their positions on the ground.

The ladies' captain, however, was in slips, and this made it difficult to force matters. Mr. Harden succeeded at last, cutting and pulling steadily. He and Mr. Cox put up a fine stand. Unfortunately, when trying to pull to square leg, Mr. Cox missed his stroke, and out came his middle stump.

Mr. Woodcock followed, and was at the crease twenty minutes, displaying great patience. Finally there was a sharp appeal from Miss Conduct, and the umpire's finger went up.

Some slackness was apparent in the field when Miss Carriage dropped a sitter in front of the pavillion and Miss Wantacock got her hand on a hard one, but failed to hold it.

Elsewhere, however, Mrs. R. Sovatit's ability behind stumps drew frequent applause until she turned a complete somersault trying to take a short one.

The men were all out by midday, so both sides took a short break.

Upon resuming it was noticed that A. Testicle had been dropped, and not suspended as was rumoured. Lord Foreskin was in his usual place at coverpoint.

The first two ladies, Phyl Chambers and Poppet Tupper, opened vigorously to Cox, who kept a beautiful length, but was inclined to bump his balls much to their discomfort.

By mid-afternoon some wind had come up, but in spite of more frequent blowing on the field the ladies made no appeal against the conditions.

Little Miss Virgo Intacto was cheered loudly when she faced John Everhard, but the wily John put up a long one that appeared to break in her crease. There was an ominous click, and a groan could be heard as she walked back to the pavillion.

Although John was keeping his balls low, the next batswoman, Miss Ophelia Twot, felt for one, and hooked it to the delight of the crowd.

continued....

(71 continued)

Some faulty judgement was displayed, notably by Miss Philpott. In her excitement she shouted, "I'm coming," and despite cries of "No," and "wait," she started to run and was run out. "Mike Hunt was too quick for me," she admitted later.

Next to face the onslaught was Miss Hyamready, but being over anxious, she got her leg in front of a straight one and had no time to open out.

As she said afterwards, "The match was a draw and the president, Lady Cumwell, says she would like a return match, but this time, with the ladies on top."

72

GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,  
My God you should have seen us,  
The figure head was a nude in bed  
Sucking a red hot penis.

Chorus: Friggin' in the riggin',  
Friggin' in the riggin',  
If you want a fuck, you're out of luck  
Friggin' in the riggin'.

The captain's name was Slugger,  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
On any bugger's lugger.

The first mate's name was Paul,  
He only had one ball,  
But with that knacker he rolled tobacco  
Round the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy,  
His balls were big and bandy,  
They filled his arse with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,  
He was a silly gorgan,  
Three times a day he strummed away  
Upon his sexual organ.

The captain's wife was Mable,  
And whenever she was able,  
She gave the crew their daily screw  
Upon the messroom table.

continued....

(72 continued) A.

The head cook's name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon,  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew  
And hymens fried in semen.

The second cook was O'Malley,  
He didn't dilly-dally,  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt  
He white-washed half the galley.

The boson's name was Lester,  
He was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick  
And left it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,  
The young girls he did ravish,  
His missing tool's at Istanbul  
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo' was the purser,  
He couldn't have been worser,  
With all the crew he had a screw  
Until they yelled, "Oh no sir."

The deck hand's name was Cropper,  
By Christ he had a whopper,  
Twice down the deck and 'round his neck  
And up his arse as a stopper.

The cabin boy was Kipper,  
A dirty little nipper,  
He stuffed his arse with broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,  
The whole crew did him over,  
They ground and ground that faithful hound  
From Singapore to Dover.

73 SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

"Show me the way to go home,"  
Said the girl on the Bondi Beach,  
"I had a little swimsuit 'bout an hour ago,  
But it's floated out of my reach,  
And all that I have now  
Is seaweed, sand and foam,  
So give me a page of the Sunday Age  
And show me the way to go home."

CAVIAR

(May be sung to the traditional tune, or to the tune:  
 "What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?"

In the latter case the first verse is sung as a  
 chorus and the "My fuckin' oath's," etc, are omitted.)

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,  
 The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,  
 The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',  
 That's why caviar is my dish.  
 My fuckin' oath it is,  
 My fuckin' oath it is.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,  
 She was a virgin tried and true,  
 Ever since she had caviar  
 There ain't nothing she won't do.  
 My fuckin' oath there ain't,  
 My fuckin' oath there ain't.

I gave caviar to my grandpa,  
 Grandpa's age was ninety three,  
 And the next time I saw grandpa  
 He had grandma up a tree.  
 My fuckin' oath he did,  
 My fuckin' oath he did.

I gave caviar to the vicar,  
 He was deprived of earthly joys,  
 Now he's in an institution  
 For molesting choir boys.  
 My fuckin' oath he is,  
 My fuckin' oath he is.

I gave caviar to my uncle,  
 He'd been sterile all his life,  
 Now he's got twenty children  
 Thank the Lord I'm not his wife.  
 My fuckin' oath I'm not,  
 My fuckin' oath I'm not.

I gave caviar to my rooster,  
 He had forty seven wives,  
 Now my rooster needs no booster,  
 Hens are running for their lives.  
 My fuckin' oath they are,  
 My fuckin' oath they are.

Father was the keeper of the Eddystone lighthouse,  
 Slept with the mermaids every night,  
 He had offspring, one, two, three,  
 Two were fish the other was me.  
 My fuckin' oath it was,  
 My fuckin' oath it was.

75 CASE OF THE ILL STARRED LOVERS

They were married, but not to each other,  
 (Now I might as well make this explicit.)  
 They could never cut loose from their marital noose,  
 So they were forced to a passion elicit.

With no hope for a happy finale,  
 With a future that led to a bleak end,  
 They agreed to enact a sad suicide pact,  
 In a riotous fling one weekend.

In a riotous fling one weekend,  
 In a tourist motel by a rock side,  
 Without any regrets they turned on the jets  
 And awaited the carbon monoxide.

They awaited the carbon monoxide,  
 (They preferred this to shootin' or stabbin')  
 And they were going, but quick, but were saved in time's nick  
 By the spouses that shared the next cabin.

76 ARMY LATRINES

My job is to clean the army latrines,  
 I've a plan for the pan that everyone uses.  
 The paper's O.K. on both sides the news is,  
 So you can read while in my latrine.

I scrub it all night, I scrub it all day,  
 I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it,  
 And when it gets high I just disinfect it,  
 And everything's clean in my latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,  
 My cobbers join in, we polish the chain,  
 And though we are scrubbing, and scrubbing forever  
 We wonder if ever we'll get out the stain.

What motions devine, what raptures I've seen,  
 But along comes the crowd to destroy what's created,  
 They just let it fly, don't care where they place it,  
 You see what I mean in my latrine.

If a man is a freak, and must leak like a creek, let him pay,  
 I've placed pots for his shots misdirected,  
 I've sandpapered each face so each base is connected,  
 But it all goes unseen in my latrine.

ledges  
 And though the seats are all neat with complete wooden  
 The bastards still wet it right 'round the edges,  
 But I stand aloof 'cause they can't hit the roof,  
 That's the one place that's clean in my bloody latrine!

77 ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Well this is number one and the fun has just begun,

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Well this is number two and his hand is on my shoe,  
Well this is number three and his hand is on my knee,  
Well this is number four and he's got me on the floor,  
Well this is number five and his hand is on my thigh,  
Well this is number six and his meat's between my hips,  
Well this is number seven and now it feels like heaven,  
Well this is number eight and the doctor's at the gate,  
Well this is number nine and the twins are doing fine,  
Well this number ten and here we go again,

78 WAS IT YOU?

(Tune: "Humoresque")

"Was it you who did the pushin'  
Left a stain upon the cushion,  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down ?  
Was it you; you old woodpecker,  
Made it with my girl Rebecca?  
If it was you'd better leave this town."

The response:-

"Yes 'twas I who did the pushin',  
Left the stain upon the cushion,  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.  
But since I made it with your daughter,  
I've had trouble passing water,  
So I think we're even all around!"

79 GROGGING ON

No cares have we to grieve us,  
No pretty little girls to deceive us,  
All we need is a piss to reliene us  
As we go grogging on.  
Grogging on, grogging on,  
Grogging on, grogging on,  
As we go grogging on,  
And happy will we be  
With a keg between our knees,  
As we go grogging on.

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the hippopotamus.  
The hippopotamus?

Yes, the hippopotamus is an amazing animal.  
When its eyes are open its arsehole is closed,  
And when its eyes are closed its arsehole is open.  
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,  
And, Christ, he's got diarrhoea!

Chorus: Oh we're off to see the wild west sho-o-oh,  
The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo,  
Never mind the weather, we're all in this together,  
We're off to see the wild west sho-o-oh.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Ooli-gooli bird,  
The Ooli-gooli bird?  
Yes the Ooli-gooli bird is an amazing animal,  
It flies, but has no legs,  
And when it lands, ooooli-gooooli!

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the giraffe.  
The giraffe?  
Yes the giraffe is an amazing animal,  
It is the only animal in the jungle that can go into a bar,  
And say, "The highballs are on me."

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the sphinx,  
The sphinx?  
Yes the sphinx is an amazing animal,  
It is the only animal with a triangular arsehole,  
It shits bricks, hence pyramids.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the tight skinned lizzard,  
The tight skinned lizzard?  
Yes the tight skinned lizzard is an amazing animal,  
Whenever it blinks it flips itself,  
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,  
And it flogged itself to death..

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the rhinoceros,  
The rhinoceros?  
Yes the rhinoceros is an amazing animal,  
Its name comes from the ancient Greek,  
Rhino meaning money, soarse meaning piles,  
It has piles and piles of money.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the orangatang,  
The orangatang?  
Yes the orangatang is an amazing animal,  
It has balls of steel, and as it swings from vine to  
vine through the jungle,  
Its balls go orang-a-tang, orang-a-tang.

continued....

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Ooh-ah bird  
The Ooh-ah bird?

Yes, the Ooh-ah bird is an amazing animal,  
The male of the species lives at the north pole,  
The female of the species lives at the south pole,  
In spring they migrate,  
And when they meet, oooohh-aaaahh.

Here, ladies and gentlemen we have the elephant,  
The elephant?  
Yes the elephant is an amazing animal,  
It eats twelve hours a day, but only shits once a week,  
And when it shits it.....

Move away there sonny,  
As I was saying, it eats all week, but only shits.....  
Please move away there sonny,  
And when it shits it shits.....  
Has anyone got a shovel.

Here, ladies and gentlemen we have the mountain goat,  
The mountain goat?  
Yes the mountain goat is an amazing animal,  
It farts and jumps from crag to crag,  
It has science baffled  
As to whether the farts make it jump,  
Or the jumps make it fart.

Ladies and gentlemen, here we have man,  
Man?  
Yes man is the most perplexing animal,  
He spends nine months inside a woman trying to get out,  
Then spends the rest of his life trying to get back in!

## 81 DRUNK LAST NIGHT

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,  
Goin' to get drunk tonight like we never got drunk before,  
Here we are again, happy as can be,  
'Cause we are the boys of the 'varsity.

## 82 GLORIOUS VICTORIOUS

Glorious, victorious,  
One jug of beer between the four of us,  
Thank God there are no more of us,  
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot,  
(Without his pants on)  
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot  
(Roll over Mable, your navel's on the other side!)

ABDUL

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,  
 And the harlots the fairest of fair,  
 And the fairest of all was owned by the Shiek  
 Named Abdul A-Bull-Bull Emir.

A travelling brothel came down from the north,  
 'Twas privately run by the Tzar,  
 Who wagered a hundred no one could out shag  
 Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Abdul came in with a snatch by his side,  
 His eyes bore a look of desire,  
 And he did brag how he would out-shag  
 Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,  
 A holiday proclaimed by the Tzar,  
 And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned  
 To Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They met on the track, with tools hanging slack,  
 The starter's gun shattered the air,  
 They were both quick to rise; the crowd gasped at the size  
 Of Abdul A-Bull-Bull Emir.

The harlots were shorn, no Frenchies were worn,  
 And that suited Abdul by far,  
 But the caliph who knew, had a quick bet or two  
 On Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fucked all that night 'neath the pale yellow light,  
 Old Abdul, he revved like a car,  
 But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat  
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won, and had sheltered his gun,  
 And had bent down to polish his pair,  
 When something red hot up his great passage shot,  
 'Twas Abdul A-Bull-Bull Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted, "Queen,"  
 They were ordered apart by the Tzar,  
 But it was bloody hard luck, 'cause Abdul was stuck  
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The cream of the joke came out when they broke,  
 'Twas laughed at for years by the Tzar,  
 For Abdul, the fool, had left half of his tool  
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar!

84

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,  
 I worked at the weaver's trade,  
 And the only, only thing I ever did wrong,  
 Was to woo a fair young maid,  
 I wooed her in the winter time and in the summer too,  
 And the only thing I ever did wrong,  
 Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,  
 When I lay fast asleep,  
 She laid her head upon my bed, and she began to weep,  
 She cried, she cried, she damn near died,  
 Ah, me, what could I do,  
 So I pulled her into bed, and covered up her head,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
 We work at the weaver's trade,  
 And every, every time I look into his eyes,  
 He reminds me of the fair young maid,  
 He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too  
 And of the many times I held her,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

85 WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GREY \*Tom Lehrer

An awful liability  
 Is lessened utility  
 And loss of mobility ;  
 It's a strong possibility  
 In all probability ..  
 I'll lose my virility,  
 And you, your fertility  
 And desirability .  
 And this liability  
 Of total sterility  
 Will lead to hostility  
 And a sense of futility  
 So let's act with agility  
 While we still have the facility  
 For we'll soon reach senility  
 And lose the ability....

86 THE OLD GREY MARE

The old black horse said,  
 "Let's have anotherie,  
 Down by the shrubbery,  
 I'll supply the rubbery."  
 The old grey mare said,  
 "You can go to buggary,  
 I've been fucked before!"

87

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

Standing down in O'Reilly's bar,  
 Drinking O'Reilly's rum and water,  
 Suddenly a thought came to my head,  
 What say I up O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus: Idi-iyay, idi-iyo, idi-iyay for the one eyed Reilly,  
 Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all  
 Zinga-a-zing-a-zing très bon.

So I up the stairs and into bed,  
 Into bed with O'Reilly's daughter ,  
 Not a word did the maiden say,  
 Just laughed like shit when I caught her.

I fucked her 'till her tits were sore,  
 Filled her up with soapy water,  
 If she doesn't have twins,  
 Then she bloody-well oughta'.

I heard a footstep on the stairs,  
 'Twas one eyed Reilly, not the porter,  
 Two horse pistols in his hand,  
 Looking for the one who'd upped his daughter.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls,  
 Shoved his head in a bucket of water,  
 Rammed those pistols up his arse,  
 A damn sight harder than I'd upped his daughter.

As I go walking down the street,  
 People flock from every quarter,  
 Just to catch a glimpse of me,  
 The man who upped O'Reilly's daughter.

88

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A trace of lipstick on that old French letter,  
 A dose of syphilis that won't get better,  
 And when I piss it stings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

A book on birth control with well-thumbed pages,  
 That contraceptive we used for ages,  
 A bed with creaky springs,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

A pair of panties that I used to blow on,  
 Those dreadful evenings when you had the rags on,  
 And when my wet dream clings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

continued....

(88 continued) A.

A night of passion in an old tin lizzie,  
 That half-smoked reefer that still sends me dizzie,  
 My pubic hair in strings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you .

That whisky bottle that I used to piss in,  
 That pair of stockings with the 'lastic missing,  
 Oh how the slit clings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

That ripe banana you used when alone,  
 Those open legs that welcomed me home,  
 Oh hear those nuts ring,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

That worn out Frenchie that I used to come in,  
 That broken shithouse that you lost your bum in,  
 Oh how my prick stings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

That red hot pok r that you used before,  
 That ten bob price of the local whore,  
 See what nine months can bring,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

A brothel ticket in my left hand pocket,  
 Two controids in a heart shaped locket,  
 Those little songs you sing,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

That leather sofa that we had those shags on,  
 That night I fucked you when you had the rags on,  
 Oh how the blobstain clings,  
 These foolish things remind me of you.

89

TINKER'S SONG

Once a fair young maiden riding homeward from a ball,  
 Chanced to meet a tinker pissing up against a wall,

Chorus: With his dirty big kidney swiper,  
 And his balls the size of three,  
 And a yard and a half of foreskin  
 Hanging down below his knee....  
 (Hanging down, swinging free,  
 Inches thick, what a prick.)  
 With a yard and a half of foreskin  
 Hanging down below his knee.

So she wrote to him a letter, and in it she did say,  
 "I'd rather be fucked by tinkers than my husband any day."

continued....

(89 continued)

So he mounted on his charger, to the castle he did ride,  
With his tool wrapped 'round the saddle, and a ball on  
either side,

Well, he rode up to the castle, and he knocked upon the door,  
"God save us!" cried the butler, "He's come to bum us all,"

Well first he poked the porter, then he fucked the maid,  
Then he did the master's wife, as on her bed she laid,

Oh he fucked the fair young maiden, then he upped the  
servants all,  
But the way he bummed the butler was the bottler of them  
all,

Well he didn't go to heaven, we know he went to hell,  
We know he fucked the devil, and fucked him bloody well,

90

RHODIAN'S SCHOOL

We are from Rhodians, Rhodian's girls are we,  
We take no pride in our virginity,  
We take no precautions, we like our abortions,  
For we are from Rhodians school-up, school-up,  
Fuck the school!  
La-la-la la-la-la la-la-la hoi!

Our school mistress you cannot beat,  
She lets us go walking in the street,  
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties,  
Right outside of Rhodians school-up, etc.

Our school doctor is a beaut,  
She teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot,  
It saves many marriages, and forced miscarriages,  
For we are from Rhodians school-up, etc.

Our sports mistress, she's the best,  
She teaches us to develop our chest,  
So we wear tight sweaters, and carry French letters,  
For we are from Rhodians school-up, etc.

Our school porter, he is a fool,  
He's only got a teeny-weeny tool,  
It's all right for keyholes and little girls' peeholes,  
But not for the girls of Rhodians school-up, etc.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo',  
Nobody thought that Flo' would go,  
But she surprised the Vicar by rousing him quicker  
Than any other girl at Rhodians school-up, etc.

continued....

(90 continued)

These girls from Cheltenham are just sissies,  
 They get worked up on one or two kisses,  
 It takes wax candles, and long broom handles  
 To excite the girls from Rhodians school-up, etc.

91

THE TOOLROOM GIRL

My job is full of headaches, and no wonder I am blue,  
 It's terrible, the awful things that I'm compelled to do,  
 And if it wasn't for the fact that I'm a virtuous miss,  
 I wouldn't have the nerve, my friend, to even mention this.

I have no way of finding out the way the shopmen talk,  
 And now a dozen times a day my modesty is shocked.  
 The fellows crowd around me, like a lot of crazy fools,  
 Until they drive me crazy handling all of these damn tools.

I do not mind the decent tools, like wrenches, drills and shears,  
 But some of them they ask me for make me red behind the ears.  
 The man repairing bearings comes and asks to see my balls,  
 And then he laughs and stares at me until the next man calls.

They ask for cocks to fit on pipes, for counterbores and tits,  
 And when they ask me for a screw it scares me into fits.  
 They come and ask for reamers, to enlarge their blasted holes,  
 They're driving me plumb crazy, damn their rotten souls.

They ask me for a ratchet bit, and for a basted file,  
 They're always making dirty cracks, behind a sneering smile.  
 They ask me for a female gauge, and it's a sad, sad tale,  
 Because I've never learned to tell the damned thing from a male.

One fellow finds his tool too short, another it's too long,  
 The third one finds his tool too weak, the other it's too strong.  
 A fellow asked me for some waste to wipe a plumber's cock,  
 And 'though I nearly fainted, all he did was stare and gawk.

A fireman looking 'round one day, for tools to fit a slot,  
 Said, "Open up your drawers, my girl, and show me what you've got."  
 Another came right up to me as I returned from lunch,  
 And asked me, with a grin, if I'd seen his big prick punch.

And speaking of embarrassment, I never shall forget,  
 The day the payman asked me, "Have you had your monthly yet?"  
 Now how was I to know he meant my monthly cheque,  
 And by the time they'd rescued him, I'd damn near broke his neck.

I hate to be a quitter, folks will say I lack the guts,  
 But if I stay another day, this place will drive me nuts.  
 I really want to do my bit, and that is no damn bull,  
 But you can have this toolroom job, I've had my belly full.

ESKIMO NELL

Gather 'round all ye hoary,  
Gather 'round and hear my story...

When a man grows old and his balls go cold,  
And the end of his prick turns blue,  
And it bends in the middle like a two string fiddle,  
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair and buy me a drink,  
For I've got a tale to tell,  
Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
And a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

I'll tell you a tale of the frozen north,  
Where it's fifty degrees below,  
Where it's so damn cold French letters are sold,  
Wrapped up in bundles of snow.

Where skeletons rattle in sexual battle,  
'Neath the cold grey northern lights,  
And it's one long fuck from dawn to dusk,  
And this goes on every night.

Well up on this far distant ice cap,  
Lived a floosie of nation-wide fame,  
She'd give front or back in her little tin shack,  
And Eskimo Nell was her name.

Well in the slump of '31,  
When the wages and prices were poor,  
The price of a fuck was below half a buck,  
And that doesn't mean much to a whore.

Yes, the slump hit Nell good and proper,  
She decided to leave the land,  
She found out where the prices were higher,  
And set out for the Rio-Grande.

The scene now shifts to the great bear lake,  
Where it's equally as cold,  
Where way up north in the back of beyond,  
There lived two trappers bold.

Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
Had been working Dead Man's creek,  
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck,  
For nigh on half a week.

continued....

(92 continued) A.

Save a moose or two, and a carribou,  
 And a bison, elk or so,  
 But if you had a prick like Dead-Eye Dick,  
 You'd think that kind of slow.

So Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
 Set forth for the Rio Grande,  
 Dead-Eye Dick with his mighty prick,  
 And Pete with his gun in his hand.

When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
 Go searching forth for fun,  
 It's Dead-Eye Dick that swings the prick,  
 And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
 Are sore, depressed, or sad,  
 Dick's always the cunt that bears the grunt,  
 But the shootin' ain't so bad.

As they blazed their noisy trail,  
 No man in their path withstood,  
 And many a bride her husband's pride,  
 A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the banks of the Rio Grande,  
 In the heat of the blazing noon,  
 So to slake their thirst, and to do their worst,  
 They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

As they strode through the swinging doors  
 Both gun and cock flashed free,  
 "According to sex you bleeding fools,  
 You'll fight or fuck with me!"

They knew this trick of Dead-Eye Dick  
 From Main to Panama,  
 And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse,  
 Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls knew too his playful ways,  
 Down on the Rio Grande,  
 So forty whores pulled down their drawers  
 At Dead-Eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,  
 Itch on the trigger grip,  
 And they didn't wait, but at a fearful rate,  
 Those whores began to strip.

continued....

(92 continued) b

Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick,  
With lecherous snorts and grunts,  
So forty arses were bared to view,  
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,  
If you can use your wits,  
And if you're slick at arithmetic  
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits is a grand slam sight  
To a man with a mighty stand,  
And though it's rare on Berkley Square,  
It's not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-Eye Dick had fucked a few,  
On the last preceding night,  
This he'd done just to show his fun,  
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,  
So he backed and took a run,  
And making a dart for the nearest tart,  
He scored a hole-in-one!

He bore her to the sandy floor,  
And fairly fucked her fine,  
And though she grinned it put the wind  
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-Eye Dick lets loose his prick  
He's got no time to spare,  
For with speed and strength combined with length  
He fairly singes hair.

Yes Dead-Eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick,  
He flung the first aside,  
But as he made a dart for the second tart  
The great doors opened wide.

Then entered into that hell profane,  
Into that harlot's hell,  
There strode a maid who was never afraid,  
Her name 'twas Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick  
Well into number two,  
So Eskimo Nell let out a yell,  
She bawled at him, "Hey you!"

With a mighty flick of his muscular prick,  
The girl flew over his head,  
And as he wheeled about with an angry shout  
His face and his knob were red.

continued....

(92 continued) C.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well,  
 As she looked between his eyes,  
 And she looked at his horn with the utmost scorn,  
 As it rose from between his thighs.

She blew a whiff from her cigarette  
 Over his steaming knob,  
 So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,  
 He clean forgot his job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell first broke the spell,  
 In accents clear and cool,  
 "You cunt struck simp' of a Yankee pimp,  
 You call that thing a tool!"

"If this here town can't get this clown,"  
 And she sneered at the cowering whores,  
 "Here's one cunt that will do the stunt,  
 It's Eskimo Nell for yours."

She stripped off her garments one by one,  
 With an air of conscious pride,  
 Till there she stood in her womanhood,  
 And they saw the great divide

Dick bore her to a table brown,  
 Where someone had left a glass,  
 But with a flick of her tits she smashed it to bits  
 Between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with ample ease,  
 And spread her legs apart,  
 And with a friendly nod to the randy sod,  
 She gave him his cue to start.

But Dead-Eye Dick knew a trick or two,  
 And so he took his time,  
 With a girl like this 'twas fucking bliss,  
 So he played a pantomime.

He didn't back or take a run,  
 Or make a mighty leap,  
 He didn't swoop, but came in a stoop,  
 In a forward steady creep.

He flexed his foreskin to and fro  
 And he made his balls inflate,  
 Until they resembled the granite globes  
 That stand at the garden gate.

continued....

(92 continued) D.

He worked his arsehole in and out,  
 His balls increased in size,  
 His mighty prick grew twice as thick,  
 And it rose up to his eyes.

He polished it with alcohol,  
 To make it steaming hot,  
 And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob  
 From the cayenne pepper pot.

With piercing eye he took a sight,  
 Along that giant tool,  
 And the steady grin as he pushed it in,  
 Was calculating, cool.

Have you ever seen the pistons work  
 On a diesel railway car,  
 With a driving force of a thousand horse,  
 Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn  
 The ins and outs of the trick,  
 Or the work that's done on a non-stop run,  
 By a guy like Dead-Eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel,  
 She equalled the whole harem,  
 She'd the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
 And a rock of ages beam.

Amidships she could take a stream,  
 Like the flush of a water closet,  
 And she gripped his cock like the Lockwood, lock  
 On the national safe deposit.

But Dead-Eye Dick would not come quick,  
 He meant to reserve his powers,  
 For he'd a mind that could grind and grind,  
 For a couple of solid hours.

So she lay awhile with a subtle smile,  
 And the grip of her cunt grew keener,  
 Till she heaved a sigh and sucked him dry,  
 With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed the feat in a way so sweet,  
 That she'd set in grave defiance,  
 The primary clause of the fundamental laws  
 Given by sexual science.

continued....

(92 continued) E.

And so my friends we come to the end  
 Of copulation's epic;  
 The effect on Dick was sudden and quick  
 And akin to anaesthetic.

He fell to the floor and he knew no more,  
 His passions extinct and dead,  
 And he didn't shout when his Knob came out,  
 Though it certainly stripped the thread.

Now Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,  
 To avenge his pal's affront,  
 And his long nosed colt, with a jarring jolt  
 He shoved straight up her cunt.

He rammed it home to the pistol grip,  
 And he fired it three times three,  
 But to his surprise she closed her eyes,  
 And squealed in ecstasy.

Pete stood awhile in amazement,  
 Feeling a bloody fool,  
 While a tender maid tried to render first aid  
 To Dead-Eye Dick's shattered tool.

Nell jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,  
 "Bully," she cried, "For you;  
 Though I might have guessed that this was the best  
 That you poor simp's could do!"

You'd better go back to trapping,  
 Where there aren't girls so nice,  
 But before we end and part as friends  
 Let me give you some advice.

"When next, my friend, you do intend,  
 To go in search of fun,  
 Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick,  
 And get yourself a bun."

"For I'm going back to the frozen north,  
 Where the pricks are hard and strong,  
 Where a fuck's a fight, and a fight's all night,  
 And the nights are six months long."

"Back to that far distant ice cap,  
 Where the Frenchies are made of sheet tin,  
 Where the women wear barbed wire fanny rags,  
 And the menstrual flow is gin."

continued....

(92 continued) F.

"Where they ram it in with a savage grin,  
 In the land where spunk is spunk,  
 Not a trickling stream of luke warm cream,  
 But a solid icy chunk."

"Back to the land where they know,  
 What it means to copulate,  
 Where even the dead lie two in bed,  
 And the infants masturbate."

"Back to the land of men,  
 Terra Bellicum,  
 For there I'll spend a worthy end,  
 Fot the night is calling come."

So Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
 Slunk out of the Rio Grande,  
 Dead-Eye Dick with his useless prick,  
 And Pete with no gun in his hand.

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
 And the tip of his prick turns blue,  
 And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,  
 I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

93 SONG OF THE SONS OF LOVE

First bastard:

I'm a legendary figure in these democratic states,  
 A dandy demonstration of hereditary traits,  
 As the children of the baker bake the most delicious bread,  
 As the sons of Cassinova fill the most exclusive beds,  
 As the Barrymores and Roosevelts and others I could name,  
 Inherited the talents that perpetuate their name,  
 My position in the structure of society I owe,  
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.  
 My father was a gentleman, and a musical to boot,  
 He used to be a pianist in a house of ill repute,  
 My mother was a madam, and a credit to her cult,  
 She enjoyed my pappy's plaything so I was the result.  
 And so it is my mother and my father I must thank,  
 That I am now the President of the National City Bank.

Chorus: Our parents forgot to get married,  
 Our parents forgot to get wed,  
 For each flamin' time the wedding bells rang,  
 Our parents were somewhere in bed.

So it's thanks to our kind-hearted parents,  
 We're jacks in the land of the free,  
 A banker, a broker and a Washington joker,  
 Three prominent bastards are we.

continued....

(93 continued)

Second bastard:

In a dreary little farmhouse in a cosy little dell,  
 A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.  
 She was charming, she was tender, she was pretty, she was mild,  
 And her sympathies were such, she was frequently with child.  
 In the year her hospitality attained a record high,  
 She became the happy mother of the infant that was I.  
 Whenever she was gloomy, I could always make her grin,  
 By childishly enquiring who my father might have been.  
 Now the hired man was the favourite of the girls in mother's set,  
 And the travelling man from Brighton was an even money bet,  
 But such were mother's morals and such was her allure,  
 That even Father Reardon wasn't really sure.  
 I took my mother's morals and I took my father's crust,  
 And I became the Chairman of the Chaste Investment Trust.

Third bastard:

In a cruel and weary chain gang on a dusty southern road,  
 My late lamented father had his permanent abode.  
 Now some were there for stealing, but my father's only fault  
 Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault,  
 His philosophy was simple, and free from moral tape,  
 Seduction was for sissies but a man must have his rape.  
 Now the list of daddy's victims was embarrassingly rich,  
 And though one of them was mother, he couldn't tell me which.  
 Though I never went to college, I won my full degree,  
 And I reckon I'm a model of a perfect S.O.B.  
 I've remembered daddy's warning that raping is a crime,  
 Unless it's raping voters a million at a time,  
 So I've kissed each voter's infant and I've also kissed his mate  
 And I've won the proud distinction of Governor of the State.

Fourth bastard:

I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic states,  
 A pathetic exhibition of hereditary traits.  
 As the daughter of a floozy has a jiggle in her seat,  
 As the children of the copper have the biggest kind of feet,  
 My position in the structure of society I owe  
 To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.  
 My father was a married man, and what is even more,  
 He was married to my mother, a fact that I deplore.  
 I was born in holy wedlock, and consequently, bye and bye,  
 I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye.  
 I invested, I deposited, I voted in the fall,  
 And if I saved a blooming penny, the bastards got it all,  
 But at last I took a tumble, I'm on the proper track,  
 I'm a self appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back!

94

THE DOCKYARD CHURCH

The preacher in the dockyard church  
 Got up one day and said,  
 "Some dirty bastard's shit himself,  
 I'll punch his fuckin' head."

Then up stood Jack from three rows back,  
 And he spat an awful job,  
 "I'm the guy who shit himself,  
 You can suck my fuckin' knob."

The confirmation class was met,  
 The virgin gave a blush,  
 The parson, he hops up and says,  
 "I think you're fuckin' lush."

The organist walked down the isle,  
 The organ on his back,  
 The parson, he hops up and says,  
 "You take that bastard back."

95 IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
 That's where she first showed it to me,  
 Something up there all covered in hair,  
 Was making rude faces at me.  
 So I pulled out my Duke of New York,  
 And stuffed it right up like a cork,  
 How she giggled with glee, "Take it out while I pee,"  
 In the shade of the old apple tree.

96 WE'RE THE FINEST FUCKIN' FAMILY IN THE LAND

(Tune: "Road To The Isles")

Oh me sister Tiger Lily,  
 She's the pride of Piccadilly,  
 And me mother runs a brothel on the Strand,  
 And me father's doin' time for a homosexual crime,  
 We're the finest fuckin' family in the land.

Chorus: Singing up me, stuff me,  
 Lick me sweaty box,  
 We're the finest fuckin' family in the land.

Well me brother's just a fool  
 'Cause he pulls upon his tool,  
 And me uncle's prick is always on the stand,  
 And me aunty's earning loot as a West End prostitute,  
 We're the finest fuckin' family in the land.

97

NOBBY HALL

(Tune: "She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain")

Now his name was Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall,  
 Now his name was Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall,  
 Now his name was Nobby Hall  
 And he only had one leg,  
 But his name was Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall.

Well they say he stabbed his wife, stabbed his wife, (2)  
 Well they say he stabbed his wife  
 Yet it wasn't with a knife,  
 But they say he stabbed his wife, stabbed his wife.

Well they hung old Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall, (2)  
 Well they hung old Nobby Hall  
 From his one remaining leg,  
 But they hung old Nobby Hall, Nobby Hall.

Well the preacher came at last, came at last, (2)  
 Well the preacher came at last  
 With a bible up his sleeve,  
 But the preacher came at last, came at last.

Well they put him in a pit, in a pit, (2)  
 Well they put him in a pit  
 And they covered him with earth,  
 But they put him in a pit, in a pit.

98

BILLY BOY

(Sung to the tune of the original sea shanty.)

Where have you been all night, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
 Where have you been all night my Billy Boy?  
 I've been with my Nancy Grey  
 'Cause I shag her night and day,  
 And my Nancy tickles my fancy,  
 Oh my charming Billy Boy.

Are you fit to screw her more, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
 Are you fit to screw her more my Billy Boy?  
 I'm as fit to screw her more,  
 As I am with any whore,  
 'Cause my Nancy --- etc.

Can she take it back or front, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
 Can she take it back or front my Billy Boy?  
 She can take it back or front,  
 But prefers it in her cunt,  
 'Cause my Nancy --- etc.

continued....

(98 continued)

Can you keep her filled with glee, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
 Can you keep her filled with glee my Billy Boy?  
 I will keep her filled with glee  
 If I live to ninety three,  
 'Cause my Nancy --- etc.

99      THREE GERMAN OFFICERS CROSSED THE LINE

(Tune: "Mademoiselle From Armentieres")

Three German officers crossed the line, parlez vous,  
 Three German officers crossed the line, parlez vous,  
 Three German officers crossed the line,  
 They fucked the women and drank the wine,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

They came upon a wayside inn, parlez vous (2)  
 They came upon a wayside inn,  
 The door was locked so they kicked it in,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

"Oh landlord have you a daughter fair?" parlez vous, (2)  
 "Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,  
 We'll fuck the bitch, by Christ we swear,"  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

The landlord pleaded, "Go buy a whore," parlez vous, (2)  
 The landlord pleaded, "Go buy a whore,"  
 But his daughter piped up, "I've done it before,"  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

Up the rickety stairs they went, parlez vous, (2)  
 Up the rickety stairs they went,  
 When they came down their tools were bent,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

They banged her on a groaning bed, parlez vous, (2)  
 They banged her on a groaning bed,  
 They shagged her 'till her tits were red,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

The babe was born on a Sunday morn, parlez vous, (2)  
 The babe was born on a Sunday morn,  
 The little bastard he had a horn,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

100

DOWN BEHIND THE G.P.O.

(Tune: "Mademoiselle From Armentieres.")

Down behind the G.P.O. parlez vous,  
 Down behind the G.P.O., parlez vous,  
 Down behind the G.P.O.  
 I met some girls I used to know,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

I chose the one with the golden locks, parlez vous, (2)  
 I chose the one with the golden locks,  
 The filthy bitch, she gave me the pox,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

So off to the doctor I did go, parlez vous, (2)  
 So off to the doctor I did go,  
 And to him my prick did show,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

Well now I'm cured and right again, parlez vous, (2)  
 Well now I'm cured and right again,  
 Show me the bitch and I'll do it again,  
 Inky-pinky parlez vous.

101

WE ARE THE ENGINEERS

(Tune: "John Browns Body.")

Godiver was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
 To show the local populace her lovely lily-white hide,  
 But the only ones who saw her as she rode upon her horse,  
 Were a bleary-eyed surveyer, and an engineer of course.

Chorus: We are, we are, we are,  
 We are the engineers,  
 We can, we can, we can,  
 Demolish forty beers,  
 Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum,  
 Drink rum without no fuss,  
 And we don't give a bugger for any poor bugger  
 Who don't give a bugger for us!

An engineer and his lady were sitting in the park,  
 Conducting scientific research in the dark,  
 The engineer's methods were a marvel to observe,  
 His left hand took the reading while his right hand  
 traced the curve.

CHUNDER IN THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

I was down at Manly Pier,  
 Drinking tubes of ice cold beer,  
 With a bucket full of prawns upon my knee,  
 When I suddenly got the urge  
 To have a technicolour splurge,  
 And I chundered in the Old Pacific Sea.

Chorus: Well drink it up, (Chuck it up)  
 Drink it up, (Chuck it up)  
 Crack another dozen tubes of piss with me;  
 If you want to throw your voice,  
 Mate you haven't any choice  
 Than to chunder in the Old Pacific Sea.

I was sitting in the surf,  
 When a mate of mine called Murph',  
 Came up and cracked a couple of tubes with me.  
 The bastard barely finished it  
 When he went for the lovin' spit,  
 And he chundered in the Old Pacific Sea.

I've had liquid laughs in baths,  
 And I've hurled from moving cars,  
 And I've chuckled when and where it suited me,  
 But if I could choose a spot  
 To regurgitate the lot,  
 Then I'd chunder in the Old Pacific Sea.

DINAH

The rich girl wears a ring of gold,  
 The poor girl wears a ring of brass,  
 But the only ring that Dinah wears  
 Is the ring around her arse.

Chorus: Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,  
 Show us your leg, show us your leg,  
 Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg  
 A yard above your knee!

The rich girl drives a Cadillac,  
 The poor girl drives a truck,  
 But the only ride that Dinah gets,  
 Is when she has a fuck.

The rich girl uses vaseline,  
 The poor girl uses lard,  
 But Dinah uses axle-grease,  
 Because her cunt's so hard.

continued....

(103 continued)

Rich girls they all use the pill,  
The poor rely on frangers,  
But Dinah saves a little coin  
By knotting up blokes hangers.

Some girls tits are firm and ripe,  
And nothing could be finer,  
But Dinah's hang like bags of shit  
And tickle her vagina!

104 JESUS LOVES ME

Jesus loves me this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so;  
I'm Jesus' little lamb,  
Jesus fuckin' Christ I am!

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A. Tuft.

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The Warwick

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November 23, 1977

Dear Gershon:

Enclosed is a photocopy of the Australian engineering students' song book. As you will see from the final page, it was published in 1970. I'm reasonably certain that it was produced in Perth, Western Australia. The chap I obtained it from was a professor of metallurgical engineering at Melbourne University. Unfortunately he died early this year, so there's no chance of my querying him about how he obtained the book. However I'll be in Melbourne next month and there may be others there who know for sure where the book was produced.

I have still to send you "Sam Holt." Unfortunately my Melbourne buddy has not yet sent the words.

I received the mailing on your comic postcards. I know of no contacts/sources on the genre in the US, but my wider circle of cultural acquaintances in Australia may turn up some leads. I expect you know the George Orwell essay on the subject.

Cheers,

K.D.G.

[GOTT]